

Yearly Subscription, \$2

Single Number, 50 cents

The Sewanee Review

Quarterly

EDITED BY

JOHN M. McBRYDE, JR.



April, 1916

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PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

FOURTH AVENUE AND THIRTIETH STREET, NEW YORK.

London Agency: 39 Paternoster Row, E. C.

Entered at the postoffice at Sewanee, Tenn., as second-class matter.

The Sewanee Review

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THE SEWANEE REVIEW

Vol. XXIV]

APRIL, 1916

[No. 2

THE CHIEF PROBLEM IN SHAKESPEARE

The most puzzling of all Shakespeare's plays is *Troilus and Cressida*. Critic after critic has recognized this fact, and offered explanations more or less ingenious and plausible and more or less destructive of each other. Why is a play containing so much ripe wisdom and noble poetry on the whole so inconclusive, displeasing, disquieting? Why does it leave us with a bad taste in our mouths, as no other Shakespearean play does except *Timon of Athens*? Did he not know what he was doing, or did he dislike his subject? was he expressing a wanton ugly humor, or warning us against a false ideal? Or have we all looked at it too much through modern eyes, and did he and his audience view it in a way which we can imagine only by thorough historical study? To answer such questions will not only interpret the play but will enlighten the whole middle period of Shakespeare's dramatic life. The spirit of the *Troilus* has been projected by critics over a stretch of years which produced most of his tragedies and serious plays. To explain it would be to help explain them; and to explain their author, or at least to remove error about him. Thus the problem which confronted an editor of *Troilus and Cressida* widened into the chief problem in Shakespeare scholarship.

The play was twice issued in quarto in 1609, and was written about 1601-2. Its main source was (almost surely) Caxton's *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye*, the first book ever printed in the English language, derived from the mediæval Troy romances not from Homer; use was also made of Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*, and of Homer's *Iliad*, perhaps through a French translation, certainly not through Chapman's. The play is believed

by almost everyone not to be all by Shakespeare. Other workmanship is especially traceable in the last seven scenes of act V, and helps to account for the unsatisfying, confused impression left on a reader. Some have believed that he handed it over to a prentice-hand to finish, but a much better founded opinion is that he followed the common practice of basing his play on an earlier one, with less and less alteration toward the end. Through most of the play his hand is unmistakable.

It contains two main stories. In the titular plot, the love between Troilus, son of king Priam, and Cressida, daughter of the traitor-prophet Calchas, is whetted by her uncle, the obscene go-between Pandarus; directly after its consummation she is exchanged for a Trojan prisoner, is wooed in the Greek camp by the skilful Lothario, Diomed, with Troilus as an unseen witness, and is immediately won; the story ends rather inconclusively with Troilus cursing her and her pander-uncle. The other plot deals with the scheme to rouse Achilles from his proud retirement, and with the impending fate of Hector. Achilles, in love with the Trojan princess Polyxena, has flouted the authority of Agamemnon, has withdrawn from the fighting, and consorts only with his ribald hangers-on. The Greek princes receive a chivalrous challenge from Hector to select a champion to fight him in single combat; by the shrewd advice of Ulysses they contrive the selection of Ajax, which excites Achilles' jealousy. After the inconclusive combat the war is renewed, and Achilles treacherously kills Hector. The two parts as they stand form no very attractive story. The love-element is sensual and unworthy, in the war-story there is little heroism, and fighting with foes is largely replaced by scolding among friends. Even this is not all. On each side of the plot there is a character whose main function seems to be flinging mud. Cressida's uncle Pandar, who quite lives up, or down, to his name, at once deprives the love-affair of its Romeo-and-Juliet-like charm by the sly innuendo and leering grossness of an elderly voluptuary. Worse yet, Thersites in the Greek camp, even more deformed in mind than in body, appears as a debased chorus, tearing off the veil and calling things by their foulest names, blackguarding Agamemnon, Achilles, Ajax, and never allowing us to forget

that the cause of the war was the theft of a light woman who was not worth recovering.

Unlovely as this all is, it appears harsher still against the background before which we inevitably see it. Of the three sources of the plot the only two which are familiar to the modern are Chaucer's *Troilus* and the *Iliad*. In Chaucer's poem, the first to familiarize England with the loves of Cressida, one of the charms is the sympathy with which he treats her personality. At the end it is hard to acquiesce in her infidelity, she has always been so discreet, and so lovable. The poet strives in vain against the remorseless march of the traditional tale toward its catastrophe:—

Ne me ne list this sely womman chyde
Ferther than the story wol devyse.
Hir name, allas! is publissed so wyde,
That for hir gilt it oughte y-now suffyse.
And if I mighte excuse hir any wyse,
For she so sory was for hir untrouthe,
Y-wis, I wolde excuse hir yet for routhe.

What a contrast with the cool inspection of Shakespeare's Cressida by Ulysses!—

Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

But it is not this which has caused the critics most labor and vexation of spirit. If we moderns have been pained at Shakespeare's ruthless usage of the gracious mediæval tale, we have been shocked by his impious hand on the immortal *Iliad*. With Homer even the pitiable Menelaus, whose runaway wife is the cause of the war, is the "beloved of Ares"; the greatest charm of Homer is that *all* his personages are noble and godlike. None of Shakespeare's are, except Hector, who is exalted only at the expense of Achilles. In Homer, when Agamemnon's ambassadors come to Achilles' tent to urge him to forget his wrongs and reënter the war, they find him playing the lyre, and though he refuses their prayer he does so courteously, and royally feasts them. Shakespeare's Achilles flouts the king himself with pert insolence, and spends his days lolling on a lazy

bed roaring with laughter over Patroclus' mimicry of the other Grecian princes. Unimpressive as most of the Greeks are, none fares so ill as Homer's "heaven-born Ajax." Sensible as we must be of this harsh contrast, how can we help being equally puzzled and repelled by Shakespeare's play? Why does he seem to turn Chaucer's sympathy into scorn, Homer's serenity into discord, and his heroism into pettiness? Why this seeming blight on the most kindly, and the most harmonious, of poets?

In devising answers the critics have been industrious and at times imaginative. Some have found reasons personal, moral, or literary. The personal reasons given have been: a generally bitter, disillusioned mood;¹ disgust with love and women;² jealousy,—a desire to contradict and rival Homer or his translator Chapman.³ These personal reasons were characteristic of nineteenth-century criticism, which has been so deeply interested in Shakespeare the man; earlier, and German, criticism tended to abstract and moral explanations. Was he contrasting the Greeks with the Trojans, to the moral disadvantage of the Greeks;⁴ embodying a sort of Germanic or romantic reaction against Hellenism;⁵ pointing out the moral defects of ancient civilization as contrasted with Christianity;⁶ or, on the contrary, satirizing mediæval and chivalric literature and ideals?⁷ Critics early and late have conceived the reasons as literary. Shakespeare has been thought to symbolize certain contemporary events or conditions, in politics or among his fellow-dramatists;⁸ to be giving its fling to a gaily mocking mood in an irresponsible comedy, sparing neither knighthood nor herodomy;⁹ to be treating a popular subject in a popular way, in order to please the populace.¹⁰ Other explanations of the unsympathetic tone would

¹Furnivall, Knight, Dowden, Herford, ten Brink, Koch, Brandes, Luce, Boas, Figgis, Deighton, Bradley. All these groupings of critics naturally represent their views only roughly. ²Brandes, Frank Harris.

³Gervinus, Vischer, Furnivall, Boas, Hessen, Harris, Brandes, Mabie.

⁴Gildon (1710), Coleridge, Stapfer. ⁵Goethe, Rapp.

⁶Ulrici, Knight, Palmer, Moltke. ⁷Schlegel, Hertzberg, Boas.

⁸Fleay, Herford, Wolff, Poël, Acheson.

⁹Dr. Johnson, Ulrici, Knight, Stapfer, Ludwig. The earliest bit of criticism on the play, in the preface to the Quarto, extols it as a comedy.

¹⁰Stebbing, Collier, Hebler.

See Knight

make it more or less unintentional and unconscious. The apparent irony on Homer has been recognized as inevitable in a play drawn mainly from the mediæval Troy-story.¹¹ The unpleasantness has been attributed largely to a sense of confusion,¹² perhaps due to the fact that an earlier play underlies this one.¹³ The apparent debasing of the characters has been felt as more apparent than real, and as due to their realism; they have ceased to be heroes and become men.¹⁴ Many critics, especially the earlier, show little or no consciousness of an actually disagreeable tone;¹⁵ Dryden, who, if anyone, should have resented an assault on ancient epic, felt the play to be not ignoble but only rude and irregular, and was especially pleased with Pandarus and Thersites! Finally, some have given up the tone of the play as impossible of explanation.¹⁶ But if any reader will have various explanations to choose from, *circumspicat*, here is God's plenty, in all conscience.

If one were to write a full criticism of all these views, nobody would read it. Some of them are superficial, facile, and too *a priori*; some of them misrepresent Shakespeare and his methods; some of them are true as far as they go, and point in the right direction. An instantly convincing explanation of a work produced under conditions far in the past and by a little-known personality (as Shakespeare's is and will remain, in spite of us), may be impossible to arrive at; is certainly impossible without restoring those conditions so far as we can, and without analyzing the play itself, rather than merely our impressions of it. But if we sketch in the background, briefly summarizing a large amount of fresh detail, and ascertain and study just what it is in the play which causes our impression, we have at least a good chance of coming near the truth. The tough old world is rightly suspicious of those who announce new-found keys to the kingdom of heaven; suspicious even of new keys to unlock Shakespeare's

¹¹ Gildon, Schlegel, Guizot, Eitner, Elze, Peabody, Wolff, Lee.

¹² Duke (1679), Bell's editor (1774), Verplanck, Hudson, Hebler, Raleigh.

¹³ Verplanck, Dyce, Verity.

¹⁴ Gildon, Coleridge, Knight, Macaulay, Heinrich Heine.

¹⁵ Dryden, Gildon, Johnson, Godwin, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Verplanck, Knight, Stapfer.

¹⁶ Swinburne, Brander Matthews, perhaps Tolstoi.

heart. But a more modest effort to reconcile and amplify such sane and penetrating criticism as has already been offered for the chief problem in the greatest body of poetry in the world will find a hearing. It may even be welcomed if it is seen to undermine especially the most widely known and comprehensive of the false explanations, the theory that not only this play but many others nearly contemporary reveal a long-lasting bitter and pessimistic frame of mind; a theory which seems to have occurred to no one before the later nineteenth century.

No traditional story was so popular in the Elizabethan age as that of the siege of Troy and some of its episodes: because of its antiquity and undying beauty, of the fame and greatness of the early writers who had treated it, and to some extent of the rooted tradition that the British were descendants of the Trojans. After the close of the Middle Ages its popularity had increased rather than diminished, among both educated and uneducated. And nothing better than this story illustrates the true relation of the age to the near and the remoter past,—the continuation of mediæval tradition and taste, especially among the little-educated, and the (often uncouth) modification of it by an increased knowledge and a sharpened understanding of the classics. To Chaucer and the romancers were added a more intelligently read Virgil and Ovid, and a new-found Homer. But for the most part they were subdued to what they worked in, the romantic and rather undiscerning taste of the not highly educated.

There is curious evidence of the popularity of the Troy-story in the talk of illiterate people in Shakespeare, especially in the historical plays. With his clear-sighted veracity of imagination we may well suppose that the characters and events of the story were really familiar to such people, and of all sources of knowledge easiest of all is to believe that they knew the story through stage-plays. Falstaff's harum-scarum hangers-on are particularly fond of such language; Doll Tearsheet, doubtless no great reader, tells him, "Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon" (*2 Henry IV*, II, iv, 237). There are a round dozen of such remarks by Doll, Pistol, the Host, and the Clown, assuredly not bookish folk, in *Henry IV* and *V*,

Merry Wives, and *Twelfth Night*. The fact that these signs of distinctively popular interest seem to be confined to plays written between 1598 and 1602 is evidence, confirmed by other matters, that Shakespeare's play was written when its subject was in especial vogue; nothing is clearer than that Shakespeare as a rule gave his auditors what they wanted (though bettering it). The use as verbs and common nouns even to the present day of such words as *Hector*, *Myrmidon*, *Trojan*, may perhaps be traced in part to Elizabethan plays.

For the surviving plays on this as on other subjects are to those that have perished almost as the driftwood on the shores of the world to that which covers the seas. Some eighteen references to unknown sixteenth and early seventeenth-century plays on various parts of it prove that at least nearly that number are lost, and probably many more. Four plays are more or less extant, and four non-dramatic works; in other plays the story forms episodes, and countless allusions show its familiarity. Besides this, Lydgate's and Caxton's popular mediæval versions of the Troy-story, and Chaucer's *Troilus*, were each printed from two to nine times in Shakespeare's day or before. Of the four non-dramatic works far the most interesting is Thomas Heywood's little-known *Troia Britanica*, never printed since 1609, which tells the story of Troy, and more too, in some 13,000 lines. The poem shows journalistic as well as poetic skill; in its title and in its latter part it flatters the popular belief that the British were descended from the Trojans, and in its manner it imitates the Italian Renaissance epics then admired in England. The other three works show much the same desire to hit popular fancy. Of the plays two have only recently become accessible, and are little known. One, extant only in a fragmentary outline, dates from about 1599 and agreed closely with Shakespeare's in scope, in emphasizing the degraded love-story and Achilles' pride, and in exalting Hector. The second is a poor thing in the Welsh language, dating from some time before 1613, perhaps from 1595-1610; it is mostly a would-be dramatization of Chaucer's poem, but shows clearly that its author had witnessed the performance of some of the Elizabethan plays on the siege of Troy. More important is *The Iron Age*, a bipartite play by

the well-loved dramatist Thomas Heywood, printed in 1632 after a long and successful run on the boards, but written certainly before 1607, probably before Shakespeare's play (1601-2), and perhaps as early as 1596. This "bright, easy-going, desultory" play, as A. C. Swinburne called it, is the work of a young man full of uncritical enthusiasm for ancient myth and modern drama, too eager to pour the one into the mould of the other to care how he did it. With all its crudity we must needs admire the perpetual vitality of it all. But the most interesting matter about *The Iron Age* is its likeness to Shakespeare's play. While it develops the Troilus and Cressida story but little, there is a general parallelism in the *dramatis personæ* and the plot, and an amazing likeness in the personalities, talk, and actions of Thersites and Ajax, the two characters who more than any others in Shakespeare's play produce the effect of bitterness and of satire on ancient life. The likeness is far too great to be a coincidence; chronology and other matters make it hard to believe that either dramatist imitated the other; the easiest view, favored also by other evidence in the *Troilus*, is that both made use of a third play.

How does all this background alter the aspect of Shakespeare's drama? In the first place, its subject was extremely popular in two senses,—was widely liked, and appealed to the masses. This is attested by various allusions and by two dozen or so of other works, dramatic and otherwise, mostly covering the same ground. In contents, characters, and incidents his version is substantially like the others that are known; and his sources are the same. More important is the matter of tone. In the other works, as in his, it is mediæval or early modern, amorous, loosely chivalric in the contemporary manner. These other works bring to our mind's eye no picture of white and plastic forms against a background of immortal brightness. They are not simple, dignified, unified. In other words, they are not in the least "classic," in the sense used by æstheticians. The material is treated just as any other would be treated, with no sense that it is entitled to especial reverence or reserve; it was valued as a mine of romantic and exciting incident and of vivid human character. The same is true of Shakespeare's play.

The Iron Age especially enables us to say that the *Troilus* is not wholly singular in spirit, which in the two averages up nearly the same. In Shakespeare things are merely intensified, for good and for ill, which gives his work less internal harmony and unity of spirit than the other shows. Nothing in *The Iron Age* rises to the stately dignity reached by Shakespeare's Ulysses and Hector; nothing descends quite to the loathsome venom of his Thersites, the silliness of his Ajax, the impotent sensuality of his Pandarus. *The Iron Age* no more than the *Troilus* shows any consciousness that classical heroes are entitled to the reserved and ideal treatment which belongs to a semi-canonized tradition. Even the philhellene Swinburne felt "that the brutalization or degradation of the godlike figures of Ajax and Achilles is only less offensive in the lesser than in the greater poet's work." A careful reading of Heywood's play will give most people a very different attitude to Shakespeare's than they had before, unless we gratuitously assume that his feeling toward Homer must have been totally different from that of all his contemporaries. No one will suspect a bitter or hostile spirit in Heywood.

Now we leave external for internal matters. First of all, it is surprising that critics have not more fully analyzed the play and its tone. Many see nothing but bitterness in it; others see only humor and wisdom. There is truth in both views, for there is scurrility and there is nobility; *but they are not mixed*. Nothing could be more entirely weighty and worthy than the personalities and talk in Act I, scene iii, with its solid wisdom; in II, ii, in III, iii, in most of IV, v, with its knightly cordiality; in V, iii, with its heroism and pathos. These scenes seem to be largely Shakespeare's own addition to the story, and only a very prejudiced reader can fail to see that he wrote them with perfect seriousness and sympathy. We are always liable to prejudice, because we inevitably come to the play with our minds full of Homer; but Shakespeare came to it with his mind mostly filled with Caxton, and he has risen far above Caxton in dignity and beauty.

Here we must consider the attitude to Homer natural in Shakespeare. So far as he knew him, he doubtless felt toward

him much as Heywood and others did, and quite otherwise than we do. The main point is this,—we must leave the absolute for the relative conception of literature. The normal human reaction to Homer is not always one and the same, as the history of his reputation will prove. A poet's renown becomes static sometimes only because people cease to read him. To Shakespeare, not a much-schooled man, the *Iliad* was one book among many; read probably (if by him at all) in a crude translation, it may even have seemed to him a little thin and unreal. Supreme creative genius does not separate a man from his contemporaries in tastes and everything else. On Shakespeare's part an attitude toward the Greeks like that of such moderns as Swinburne and Keats is unthinkable; the austere and serene background of Greek sculpture and architecture against which we see them was utterly unknown to him. Anyone not wholly under Homer's spell would have moments of amazement over the cause of the Trojan War. Even Horace could sum up the *Iliad* thus:—

Seditione, dolis, scelere atque libidine et ira
Iliacos intra muros peccatur, et extra.

Horace was neither embittered nor anti-classical, but he had no illusions. No more had Shakespeare. But he was neither conscious of debasing through the necessity of humanizing and dramatizing, nor conscious of incongruity through the inevitable introduction of chivalry. He who made Cleopatra propose to Charmian a game of billiards had not a very lively sense of historical fitness. An open-minded reading of the chivalric scenes, the most original part of the play, should make it forever impossible to regard the Shakespeare of *Troilus and Cressida* as full merely of weary disillusion and angry pain.

The chief vehicles of the truly harsh unsympathetic spirit are three. The tone embodied in Ajax, Thersites, and the love-motive does need comment. Ajax generally cuts a thoroughly comic figure; but his absurdity is partly as a foil to his opponent in the single-combat, the always noble Hector, and was traditional in Elizabethan and earlier literature. Passages even in the *Iliad* would tend to make him ridiculous to the humorous Elizabethans. In Sophocles' *Ajax* the hero goes mad, and

whips and slaughters cattles thinking them his personal enemies. This to the Elizabethans could not have seemed otherwise than comic. The same pitiable and somewhat absurd conception of him as arrogant and stupid is found in Plato, Lucian, Apuleius, and Ovid (in a passage widely familiar in Shakespeare's day), and is greatly intensified and spread in Elizabethan literature; and finally the clever Sir John Harington, in a little-known skit, *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*, founded on a vulgar pun on his name and parodying Ovid, abased him still farther. In Shakespeare the nine references to Ajax outside this play mostly harmonize with the contemporary notion, and in the *Troilus* the vulgar pun appears. The keynote of Ajax here is paradox (I, ii, etc.), and paradox was inevitable, for he is a combination of the Ajax of Homer, who fights a mighty and chivalrous duel with the heroic Hector, and the traditional Elizabethan Ajax, a mass of absurdity and egotism.

Thersites, too, is entirely explicable. Quite definitely the Fool of the play, he is merely filled in from the sketch in the second book of the *Iliad*; in Shakespeare he says at large what Homer says he says. Shocking as it was to mid-Victorian Hellenolatry, hateful as it is to us, to read the epithets he applies to Agamemnon and his peers, and to see him brawling and scuffling with that undignified trio, Achilles, Patroclus, and Ajax, when the play is witnessed Thersites and his deformed spite and ugly half-truths recede into the remote littleness where they belong. We have been in the stately presence of the Greeks and they have even prepared us for his venom (I, iii) before we ever see him (II, i). Rowe, Shakespeare's first editor, found him merely a "Master Piece of ill Nature, and satyirical Snarling." Elsewhere the poet gives us lovers, ninnies, doubters, murderers, raised to the n^{th} power; here he gives us likewise a railer. He was not a cynic because he drew Thersites, nor a murderer because he drew Macbeth. Thersites must have vastly pleased the groundlings, and brought in many a sixpence.

As to the love-story, his attitude to it was the only one possible in his day. Chaucer, though he would fain have excused Crisyede, had left her without excuse, later writers had degraded and chastised her by striking her with leprosy, in

Shakespeare's day her good name was gone forever, and she was merely a by-word for a light woman; he could no more have made her chaste and loyal than he could have given Cleopatra what the elderly English ladies called "the home-life of our own dear Queen." In her descent she had dragged down her lover and uncle, whose name Pandarus had long become that of his trade. But Troilus as a man and fighter stands high in grace, and all three are certainly lifelike. In a word, there is no lack of interest in the love-story, and as much sympathy as its history allowed.

The facts seem to favor some such explanation of *Troilus and Cressida* as this: Shakespeare found it expedient to make over an older play (or at least to write) on this highly popular subject, so popular and so familiar that the plot and largely the characters were fixed and unmalleable, as in the English historical plays. He did it with no great liking, except for the more masculine and statesmanlike scenes. Homer, little known to him before and now read, if by him at all, probably in a poor translation, took no particular hold on him; he admitted the light of common day to the *sanctum sanctorum*, and followed the late mediæval works which were the chief authority for the Trojan War even in the sixteenth century. To relieve the heaviness of the deliberations which form so much of the play, he made fun for his popular audience by a comic Ajax and Homer's ribald Thersites. He did not care deeply enough for most of the Greek heroes to shrink from his Fool's slander of them; which unquestionably would produce far less effect on the stage, where we should see for ourselves that they do not deserve it. Sated with, perhaps reacting from, the ordinary light romantic love, indeed finding it incompatible with his material, yet not wishing to omit the love-motive in a play with a popular appeal, he produced a masterly study of an alluring wanton and the first passion of a full-blooded, very young man. The most valuable pointer for interpreting the work is the probability that he wrote it without the deep interest he put on the great tragedies of this period. It is no longer possible to think of him as guided merely by his own taste and temper in choosing his material from Caxton, Chaucer, and Homer (supposing him not wholly guided by an

earlier play); he did not care greatly to modify the literary tradition, as is clear from the close resemblance of the play to *The Iron Age*, and from its general parallelism to several other works and probably to the numerous lost ones. The call for a play on a vulgarly popular subject, the lack of our feeling of traditional veneration for certain of its sources, want of deep interest in the popular part of the play, will largely account for its tone and temper. In their desire to banish all mystery, critics have created much mystery where there is little. The undeniably unpleasant effect of the play some have seen is due quite as much to its confusion and want of internal harmony as to anything else. We have chivalrous gallantry, stupid and cowardly savagery, stately dignity, voluptuousness without charm, weighty wisdom, low scurrility. He poured new wine into old bottles, he sewed a piece of new cloth into an old garment and the rent was made worse. As to whether what has been said fully accounts for the spirit of the play, or whether there is a slight harsh sediment not dissolved by this *aqua regia*, perhaps opinion will differ; a great deal of it, if not most, is certainly thus accounted for. While we need not be Shavian enough to claim the foregoing as the only possible explanation, one may ask if it is not a fair substitute for the current ones. It is less simple; but a simple explanation of the procedure of so complex a being as the matured artist, while it may please logically and readily pierce to the seat of conviction, often satisfies less than a less simple one does. The logically simple is sometimes the historically improbable. It is temperate enough to say that the supposition of an unpleasant spirit in Shakespeare is not required by this play, and so far as the belief that this spirit is visible in many plays of the same period depends on the *Troilus*, it depends on a very feeble support.

But if this has been its main basis, other plays have been called on to help, let us briefly see how reliably. First there are the great tragedies, dating probably between 1600 and 1607. If it is asked why he wrote them just at this time and near together, the answer may be that after one or two lighter attempts at tragedy he wisely waited till the maturity of his powers and experience, till the thews of his imagination were

strong enough to bear the enormous weight; perhaps also, as there is some reason to believe, till the theatre particularly demanded tragedy. As to pessimism, it is needless to argue that tragedies as such do not lower, but raise, the dignity of human nature. In such a play as *Lear* Shakespeare descended far, no man farther, into the abyss of human sin and pain, but he does not emerge to tell us that down there all is vileness or vacancy. In his direst tragedies human nature seems to him kindly even in its folly, touching even in its weakness and grand even in its evil. In every one, even in *Lear*, there is something which partly reconciles us to the general ruin. Like all great artists, Shakespeare gives us something better than reality; which is their function. In a word, his great tragedies are not pessimistic.

But other plays have been used as contributory evidence, *All's Well that Ends Well* and *Measure for Measure*. Their dates are exceedingly uncertain, but even if we acquiesce in those often accepted, 1598-1601 and 1603, we shall find their testimony still more uncertain. Neither play is much liked. In the former a woman strong in mind and character allows herself to be forced as a wife, indeed forces herself, on a man unworthy of her; most readers agree with Dr. Johnson, who could not "reconcile his heart to Bertram," a raw cad, yet "dismissed to happiness." It makes us like the play little the better that Coleridge calls Helena "the loveliest of Shakespeare's characters," or that Dr. Lounsbury is right in saying that in life we should sympathize with Bertram in rejecting a woman whom he did not love. *Measure for Measure* introduces us to a society sexually corrupt, the most corrupt person of all being the seeming-holy Angelo, seeming holy even to himself (though the Duke had doubted him). Isabella, herself "a thing enskied and sainted," lends her countenance to a dubious intrigue. The general moral slackness of the life pictured in the play has struck critics the more because of the easy-going comfort in which everybody ends.¹⁷ Now to what extent can we agree that these plays show

¹⁷ Here as elsewhere critics often disquiet themselves in vain. Several of them complain that the Duke decides on marriage with Isabella the novice without consulting the Mother Superior. Just so Shakespeare sends Hamlet back from England without telling us where he bought his ticket.

signs of pessimism? In the first place, they show nothing of the kind except in the main plots as already described; there are no harsh *obiter dicta*, nor such despairing generalizations as are uttered by Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear. Rather, these plays may be explained much as the *Troilus* was explained. Critics have noted that they are singularly rough and uneven in style, giving inferior replicas of characters and conceptions found in Shakespeare's better plays; defects which we may put down to indifference and haste. Both plays are founded on the Italian novels which were so vastly popular in Shakespeare's day, a type of fiction in which ingenuity and romance of incident leave little room for probability, good sense, and moral tone. He takes his cue from them. At the end of each play (and earlier too in *All's Well*) he casts all prosaic probability behind him for the sake of an effective and dramatic scene, with revolutions, recognitions, and all the rest of it. The older criticism expected Shakespeare to be always an oraclic; as a matter of fact, sometimes he was and sometimes not. Nor was he always bound to be on his moral high horse. If he had been he would never have owned New Place or so much of the Globe Theatre. This may be unideal, but it is a fact. So on the one hand he may be regarded as having treated a crude popular sort of subject in a facile manner. On the other, he found certain elements which must have been intensely interesting to him. In each play he gives us at least one fine and beautiful character wrought with supreme care and skill. The more lifelike these characters are, the harsher the contrast with their absurd traditional situations, the worse the rent made by the new cloth in the old garment. There is no want of insight and morality in the portrayal of Angelo. But there is no pessimism here. It is only the blind optimist, like the ostrich with its head in the sand, that resents being forced to look at the unpleasing. It is only the superficial who sees pessimism in the revelation of hidden evil. Why should not Shakespeare do once in a way what Thackeray does constantly? Yet lovers of Thackeray know he was no pessimist. In *All's Well* Shakespeare may have found an attraction in the very difficulty of making Helena still lovely in spite of her unlovely false position. Each play may have served as a school

before he devoted himself to the supremely exacting themes of tragedy. It might even be maintained that criticism need not explain these plays at all, that there is nothing to explain. Why should Shakespeare not have written them? He wrote pretty much all other kinds. So far as he is responsible for *Titus Andronicus* and *Timon of Athens*, he gives a far more disgusting view of human nature. No doubt they too would have been more generally brought in to support the theory, and with far more plausibility, had they not luckily been written long before and long after. They too may be explained by the popularity of their subjects and styles. There is something more like analytic geometry than analytic criticism in using the precise amount of pleasure in human nature which this or that critic derives from each play to plot a sort of curve of Shakespeare's optimism.

The reasons alleged for this supposed ugly state of mind are neither sufficient nor solid. The Sonnets seem to indicate a relation with an alluring and fickle woman, thought to have left in him disgust with love and contempt for the sex. In spite of the uncertainty as to the date and interpretation of the Sonnets, such an experience might be reflected in the love-motive of *Troilus and Cressida*, though hardly in the other two plays; as to whether it is enough to account for everything opinions may differ. But his attitude toward the loves of Troilus and Cressida is more certainly accounted for by their literary history, and there is another way of accounting for the general lack of interest and sympathy for love in the plays of this period. In his youth Shakespeare had written of it much, and with great relish; in his later years, with a poetic and paternal spirit, as in *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*, he was to write of love again, in a particularly simple and ingenuous form. Is it surprising that half-way between, at the age of about forty, after wide experience of life, the subject should for a time have lost its intense interest for him; that, when he wrote of it at all, it should be in its more unusual and even harsher forms? This does not mean that he was embittered toward love and women, still less toward life,—the loves of Desdemona and even of Lady Macbeth show no such spirit. If any one thing is clear about Shakespeare, it is that

life interested him in all its phases; no part of it is more interesting than all the ways of a man with a maid. Less likely yet are other supposed explanations of the supposed pessimism. One is half-ashamed to mention, and wholly ashamed to attribute to the most lovable of nineteenth-century scholars, the suggestion that Shakespeare was sore over some neglect. There is little more validity in another. In 1601, for conspiracy against the queen, the Earl of Essex was executed, and the Earl of Southampton, a confederate, was imprisoned and in danger of death. We know that Southampton had been friendly to Shakespeare, and one of the more plausible interpretations of the Sonnets identifies with him the male friend in the earlier ones. Let us take all this in the most conciliatory spirit; let us for the moment suppose that the ardor of the Sonnets expresses the poet's real feeling; can we believe that, because his friend was imprisoned, and his friend's friend executed, as they richly deserved, life turned for years to dust and ashes in Shakespeare's mouth? If the death of his only son in 1596 left no strong mark on his plays, can we believe that the imprisonment of his friend did? Even taken all together, these guesses hardly strengthen the pessimism theory.

There remains one point, an important one. The drama in general is the most impersonal form of literary art. While lyric poetry by its very definition often expresses mood, one need not argue that more extensive and more creative work has generally no close connection with the poet's state of mind. Creative artists will tell us such work is more likely to contrast with than to express it. Would anyone fancy from the narrative of *Paradise Lost* the hope, disappointment, and despair which Milton must have been living through? Of the drama all this is especially true. While some moderns have used it to express their personal feelings and convictions, no one will deny that generally the Elizabethans wrote with no such purpose, but in an objective and practical spirit. With so marvelously self-controlled and impersonal a writer as Shakespeare was (to disregard the theory under discussion), all this is eminently true. Critics have been straining their eyes in vain to pierce the veil. Humanity is grateful to Shakespeare, and seeks to know its ben-

efactor, at his worst rather than not at all. Of late years there has been an almost touching desire to draw near him through a sacramental real presence in his plays. Some of the devotion which was once the portion of the Bible alone has now passed away to other great books. The pessimism theory has been developed especially by those late nineteenth-century critics who have sought to draw the uttermost farthing of personal information from his plays, and to relate them to what is otherwise known of his life. But how little we have really learned thus he can see who reads critically Dr. Brandes's brilliant book on Shakespeare, and sees that it is not history but epic imagination. Had it not been for such attempts to extract biographical sunbeams from cucumbers, we should probably never have heard of the pessimism theory, certainly not if other adequate explanations of the plays had been at hand. There may be more truth, or less truth, in the interpretations I have suggested; they are at least as acceptable as the other theory, for the burden of proof lies heavily on its advocates. We should scrutinize rigorously a theory with such far-reaching implications. Unless we are forced to it are we ready to believe that in the prime of his powers, yet past his first youth, Shakespeare was driven for years to this hateful self-expression? That he coarsened women, sneered at love, degraded the heroic, to assuage for the moment his own angry pain?

'With this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart' once more!
Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he!

Of course Shakespeare expressed himself in his plays, but (so far as we can see) it was the whole self that had resulted from his whole experience of life, not his temporary self in an instantaneous rebound from this or that immediate experience. Prenatal impressions did not determine the characters of his literary offspring. Criticism is moving farther and farther from the eighteenth-century view of him as a closet theorizer, and the mid-nineteenth-century idea of a closet dramatist, to that of a practical dramatist who had practical and theatrical reasons for what he did. No one has the right to assert, and no one does assert, that no pessimism may underlie the plays we have been

discussing, that there is no unexplained residuum. But if on the whole they are better interpreted another way, we need think the less of such disagreeable possibilities. In spite of a natural desire to know Shakespeare the man, we may have to be content with Matthew Arnold's—

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask — Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. . . . Better so.

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HOW SHALL WE PLAY SHAKESPEARE?

Perhaps there have always been persons who would rather not see the plays of Shakespeare performed in a theatre. Dr. Johnson, Lamb, Hazlitt, Coleridge, Emerson, Lowell, Andrew Lang, Professor A. C. Bradley, M. Maeterlinck—all have given us their reasons for preferring the poet in the library. Pepys set down his disgust for several of the comedies and called *Romeo and Juliet* the worst play he had ever seen. Hume made the remarkable statement that Shakespeare was "totally ignorant of all theatrical art." Strindberg never saw *The Tempest* acted; "but I have seen it just the same," he said, "when I've read it; and there are good plays that should not be performed, that can't stand to be seen." And Mr. Howells wrote recently, "I have somehow not missed the stage in my acquaintances with dramatists generally, and especially with the greatest of all dramatists, Shakespeare."

There have been, in all, some seventy-five distinct alterations of Shakespeare's plays for the purpose of theatrical representation; and mere acting-versions, so called, are not here taken account of. Cibber's *Richard III* has been performed in the last decade, and Tate's *Lear*, which held the stage for about one hundred and sixty years, was used by Garrick, Kemble, Kean, and Forrest. Many lovers of Shakespeare—and not necessarily detractors of the histrionic art—have sincerely believed him too good to be played. There have been others, less reverential and perhaps more advanced, who while rejoicing in his supremacy as a playwright of his own age, have found him not quite good enough, in a sense, for theirs.

Then there are those who insist even more urgently that Shakespeare is for the theatre of all time. Mr. William Winter, in the United States, and Sir Sidney Lee, in England, are of this conviction, denouncing as absurd the now stereotyped remark of Chatterton, manager of Drury-lane, that "Shakespeare spells ruin." And yet all unbiased admirers of the dramatist must more than once have deplored, at the theatre, that in three hours' time so bewildering a mass of scenery is pushed

around, so much wearisome music is ill performed—and so little poetry recited and that little delivered with a brazen vacuity torturous to hear. "It is deplorably true," writes Mr. Winter in one of his latest books, "that no complete 'all round' performance of a Shakespearean play can anywhere be seen in America."

Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe, on their latest reappearance in Manhattan, played Shakespeare for five weeks. Their repertory consisted of eight plays, performed at 'popular prices.' In 1867, Booth played *Hamlet* in New York for one hundred times, a remarkable record then for any serious piece, classic or modern. In the middle of the nineteenth century, at Sadler's Wells, Phelps produced thirty-one of Shakespeare's thirty-seven plays. To-day the most fervent enthusiast can recount but a scant dozen that may be said to have even an intermittent life on the stage. And what has become of the Forrestian barnstormers who not so many seasons ago strutted and bellowed the unoffending Bard through our vast innocent provinces?—

"Where are the passions they essayed,
Where the wild humors they portrayed?"

Lowell manifested no acuter discernment than Hume when he said that the Elizabethans were not essentially dramatic, not primarily theatre-poets, "since none, or next to none, of their plays have held the stage." Though to-day the great majority of them are but names to the scholar, the Elizabethans, generally, were expert play-makers for their age and theatre. *The Jew of Malta* was played professionally in the nineteenth century by Edmund Kean, and there are still living theatre-goers that have seen *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. Shakespeare's dramaturgy is frequently no better, if seldom any worse, than that of his associates; his poetry and philosophy usually are better; but it is not these principally that have kept his plays in the theatre. Many parents of the last generation thought that there was nothing in the theatre good enough for their children except Shakespeare, and thus not a few playgoers to-day owe to the Swan of Avon their initiation to the ever-charming world of the theatre. Their children, however, in being permitted to know Peter Pan, Chantecler, and the Blue Bird, may easily feel

less veneration for Shakespeare than their parents felt and will more readily outgrow his plots and fools and spectacles.

Some three decades ago the habitués of Daly's Theatre thought it was Shakespeare's clever comedies they were so eager to see; but in reality, of course, it was not, that is to say, not primarily: it was the resourceful stage-manager and his talented actors that attracted them to the playhouse. Many of the host of admirers of Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern have gone under the same delusion to the theatre where they were performing; but nowadays the most of us go frankly to see the versatile stars, and when we return home we converse, not of Shakespeare and his play, but of Marlowe—her beauty, graciousness, voice, eyes.

It is not conceivable, to put it flatly, that any theatrical manager on Broadway to-day would be foolhardy enough to present for a prospective 'run' any of Shakespeare's plays. Mr. F. R. Benson eschewed New York entirely on his recent American tour. Mr. Barker gave but a single play of Shakespeare's in his New York season last year, and that only a few times. Mr. Robert B. Mantell still lingers in the limelight, it is true; but Edwin Booth brought to a close an epoch of the American stage. Mansfield was of the new century, and he stood alone.

"Shakespeare's poetry," said Schlegel, "is near akin to the German sprit." It seems at times as if they really enjoyed our dramatist to a fuller measure in Berlin and Vienna than we do in London and New York. Art to the Teuton, indeed, is a more serious matter than it is to us. Although the Hamlet of neither a Barnay nor a Sonnenthal is acceptable to the Anglo-Saxon, what is generally recognized as the German histrionic school is superbly adapted to the personation of most of Shakespeare's heroes. The repertory system in vogue on the Continent naturally makes for a more general appreciation of Shakespeare than is now possible with us. The shifting of the scenery, which is nearly always appropriate and in excellent taste at the Royal Playhouse in Berlin, appears surprisingly expeditious to the American and English theatre-goer. There is seldom more than one *längere Pause* in the course of the performance, and one leaves the theatre at about ten o'clock.

French actors are not felicitous in the rendering of Shake-

spare. The Gallic idea of tragedy in several essentials differs from ours. Of *Hamlet*—with a version in Alexandrines—the Comédie-française makes outright melodrama; and M. Antoine's ingenious productions at the Odéon were not near akin to the spirit of Shakespeare as we conceive it. Any success that the Hamlets of Fechter and Mounet-Sully met with in America was due chiefly to their unnaturalness. Rossi, Salvini, Grasso, Novelli have made themselves effective through the mediums of Hamlet, Othello, Shylock, but none of them have really interpreted Shakespeare. And if some of us who saw the Sicilian Players in *Othello* (London, 1910) could not refrain from lauding the fiery performance as one of the most pleasurable Shakespearean presentations we had ever attended, this was principally because it so radically differed from the struggling thing we have been obliged to accept for Shakespeare on the modern English stage. Here was for us no poetry, no philosophy, but only sheer theatricalism—the acting and action that we go to see despite the dramatist!

When *Hamlet* and *Othello* were for the first time played in Japan, a decade ago, they appeared in modern garb. "For in order to render Shakespeare intelligible to the masses," says Yone Noguchi, "the time of the plays has been changed to the present; the characters to Japanese; the places to Japan, Formosa, etc.; and even the words in many parts have been transformed to fit the Japanese cast of thought, of manner, and of speech." And the resultant melodrama proved successful.

Strindberg, in one of his last books, notes that when *Hamlet* is performed in Sweden, Polonius is invariably made a clown and the King a "coal-black villain." Were it not that we ourselves go to glass theatres, we might safely castigate other foreigners in the same words. A youth once complained that he had always disliked Abbey's pictures from Shakespeare because they didn't "look like the stage." What, after all, is to be gained by not frankly admitting that the actors have unbalanced and in part spoiled for us Portia's romantic comedy? But surely we would not have old Shylock, in a glaring red wig and with an artificial nose, hobbling and ranting through the great revenge

speech? Schoolboys have been seen to laugh at the most tragic moments even of Mr. Sothern's Shylock. Salanio says:—

I never heard a passion so confus'd
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets.

And Salarino returns:—

Why, all the boys in Venice followed him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

"Sophocles differs from Shakespeare," said Hazlitt, "as a Doric portico does from Westminster Abbey"; and the Elizabethan drama, Professor Algernon Tassin has remarked pithily, "was at its best when it was doing precisely what the modern play seeks not to do—when the characters were telling you explicitly in words the emotions they were experiencing." Shakespeare disregarded the unities of Sophocles; he used comic scenes in tragedy; and he showed acts of violence on the stage instead of merely narrating them. To adumbrate how the modern play and actor and audience differ from the Elizabethan would bring forth more and greater contrasts. Any present-day reproduction of the Attic drama or of the miracles and moralities, though they be by a Reinhardt almost unrecognizably transformed, must yet be looked upon by the contemporary theatregoer rather as curiosities than as plays. And in considering the spectacles that modern producers have seen fit to devise around Shakespeare, it is well always to bear in mind that he wrote his dramas for a non-scenic platform-stage.

In his essay on "The Progress of the World," Lowell says that "in certain directions we find no advance, as in literature and sculpture, since the Greeks"; and a few years ago the late Professor Sumner, of Yale, declared, "The fine arts do not show an advance." There are persons to whom worship of the Past always has been dear. Whether there has been progress in art, as in science, as in freedom of thought, each one of course will decide for himself; but that—

"The ever-whirling wheele
Of Change, the which all mortall things doth sway,"—

has included literature and art in its revolutions nobody can deny. "The greatness of Greece," Emerson one day jotted

down in his Journal, "consists in this that no Greece preceded it."

There are, summarily, three ways in which to produce Shakespeare on the modern stage: the spectacular, text-mangled style, a hybrid—part modern, *e. g.* in mechanism, and part quasi-Elizabethan (Beerbohm Tree, Forbes Robertson, Sothorn-Marlowe); the simple manner in approximation of Shakespeare's own theatre (The Elizabethan Stage Society, William Poël); the ultra-modern stage-director's method, untraditional, individualistic (Craig, Barker, Antoine, Reinhardt, Livingston Platt).

As Theodore Thomas became convinced that it was the duty of the executant musician to interpret a work exactly as the composer had intended, without change or embellishment, so Goethe believed that the dramas of Shakespeare should be performed "in their entirety and without revision or modification of any kind." To accomplish this in our commercialized theatre, we know to be beyond possibility, even more infeasible perhaps than the marvelous manner in which Mr. Craig dreams of producing *Macbeth*.

"In the interpretation of Shakespeare's characters and in the intelligent reading of his text," William Poël not long ago remarked, "there seems to be no progress made and no individuality shown. In these matters we are still in the middle of the eighteenth century, the most artificial age in the history of Shakespearean drama." That depends, of course, somewhat upon the point of view. Mr. Poël is an undisputed expert in Elizabethan stagecraft, but he has the defect of glancing too much backward. The arts of acting and stage-directing have changed since the last generation—for the better, some of us like to believe. Should Mrs. Siddons be born again, she would probably act in the manner of Signora Duse.

Now how, after three centuries, shall we play Shakespeare? Or shall we not play him at all? That he will not be so frequently performed in this century as he was in the last, the time seems now to give proof—also, happily, that he will not be so badly played.

The elaborate scenic style made famous by Irving is unmistakably passing, and without any deep regrets. Remembrance

of Mansfield in the tent scene of *Richard III* and of Mr. and Mrs. Sothern in the great scene between Hamlet and Ophelia cannot but make us grateful for the many rare and radiant moments that this style, despite its grievous defects, has given us. But in itself, of course—even on the expeditious revolving stage—it is outdone; and stars now venturing into Shakespeare prefer to have the coöperation of a designer of the new school. Margaret Anglin and Annie Russell have of recent seasons commendably exemplified this tendency. After all, what counts in Shakesperean representation is not scenery and electricity but impersonation and reading of the lines. And if ever dramatist lived who composed lines to be *heard*, it is Shakespeare.

Irving, Professor Matthews has recorded, successfully appeared at West Point in *The Merchant of Venice* without the aid of scenery, and Booth once effectively gave *Hamlet*, the theatre trunks having gone astray, minus costume. As Mr. Lawrence Gilman remarked of Mr. Barker's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—one of the most notable Shakesperean presentations seen in New York in many a season,—“Who would exchange the woodland scenes, as Shakespeare conjures them up before the inward eye and ear, for the crude approximations of the scene-painter, the costumer, and the incurably substantial mummers—even when so romantic and necromantic a producer as Mr. Barker is concerned?”

In our Civic and Repertory Playhouses of to-morrow, the best of Shakespeare will be occasionally given; and his less popular and less worthy plays the University Theatres will now and again academically disclose to our view. The scenery will be either of Elizabethan austerity or the artistry of a modern impressionist. The acting will be of a quieter, more truly 'poetic' style than has heretofore been the vogue in Shakespeare; and the movement swifter, surer. In some such fashion will those of us who are not willing, even after three hundred years, to relegate him to the closet, be given opportunities of hearing and seeing Shakespeare's immortal plays.

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COWPER'S *TASK*: A LITERARY MILESTONE

It may be questioned justly if any other British poet, whose work contributed in so important a way to the permanent development of our literature, is now so disregarded as William Cowper. It is probable that no other single poem so largely influential in our letters is so seldom read as *The Task*. Which facts are the more surprising in that we live at a time markedly attentive to the calls of Mother Nature; nature books and studies were never more popular, periodicals dealing with every imaginary phase of country life, as distinct from urban and industrial themes, were never so numerous, and the very slogan of "back to nature" has grown a wearisome commonplace.

It may be that Cowper's rightful position is obscured in our view of the later eighteenth century because of his mightier contemporary, Burns; our affectionate regard for the Highlander may perhaps prevent due recognition of the Lowlander's claims. Yet it is Cowper, not Burns, who is the real bridge between Thomson and Wordsworth. The year 1785 brought out both *The Task* and the Kilmarnock edition of Burns's *Poems*, but it was the former of these which, more than any other book of all that period, showed that English verse had truly stepped forward along the path which was to lead to "Lines Written Above Tintern Abbey" and the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," leaving far behind the cold "classicism" of those earlier bards whose academic methods were best to be described by one himself farthestre moved from them, the young Keats:—

Men were thought wise who could not understand
His glories; with a puling infant's force
They swayed about upon a rocking-horse,
And thought it Pegasus. Ah, dismal soul'd!
The winds of heaven blew, the ocean roll'd
Its gathering waves,—yet felt it not. The blue
Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew
Of summer nights collected still to make
The morning precious; beauty was awake!
Why were ye not awake? But ye were dead

To things you knew not of,—were closely wed
 To musty laws lined out with wretched rule
 And compass vile ; so that ye taught a school
 Of dolts to smooth, inlay, and clip, and fit,
 Till, like the certain wands of Jacob's wit,
 A thousand handicraftsmen wore the mask
 Of poesy.

The back-swing of the pendulum from this extreme to a sincere expression of natural feeling, which had inevitably to follow, was seemingly delayed by a sort of interregnum in the kingdom of British letters. "The sun, which men had called classic in its glory, had set, though the sky still glowed somewhat coldly with its reflected and failing rays. The other sun of naturalness has not yet risen." Mr. Payne's metaphor is at fault in so far as it suggests night, however. Nothing could be farther from the fact fitly descriptive of a period when Richardson and Smollett and Fielding were forming English fiction; when Gray and Thomson and Chatterton were building English verse; when Burke and Gibbons were contributing to English prose work not since surpassed in its kind; when Goldsmith was creating both the Vicar Primrose and Tony Lumpkin, and Sterne was introducing us to "My Uncle Toby"; and that mighty leviathan of letters, Samuel Johnson, was holding rule over all. Yet this same period, compared with that which was to succeed it, was of secondary importance; a statement especially true of English verse. It was an "Age of Ideas" which linked this literary interim to the Victorian era, falling between 1785 and 1830, to mention two dates more or less arbitrary,—between the publication of Cowper's *Task* and the day when Wordsworth's popularity was at last generally admitted and his influence openly acknowledged.

That suggestive phrase of Leslie Stephens, "Age of Ideas," expresses at once the cause of the movement and its period, when, so far as letters were concerned, the frost of classicism yielded to the spring of a genuine return to nature. The attempts of the Stuart pretenders were events of a well-passed yesterday; the American Revolution was a closed incident; Warren Hastings was being tried; and the French Revolution was rumbling along the horizon, unheeded, if not actually unheard.

Rousseau and Voltaire were attacking orthodoxy, Kant and Lessing and Goethe were at work; Southey was in his Bristol nursery, Scott and Wordsworth were at their youthful studies. It was the era of Reynolds and Gainsborough, Romney and Raeburn, Greuze and Flaxman. Garrick and Mrs. Siddons were acting; Mozart and Haydn composing. It was the noon-day of parliamentary reforms, of the rise of a great middle class. It was a time of broadening education among the people, aided by the appearance of those precursors of the manifold magazines of to-day, the *Edinburgh Review* and *Blackwood's*. It was the period of popularized science, of invention, of the growth of factories and factory towns. In every walk of life in England the practical was displacing the artificial, and British letters, mirror-like, began to show everywhere a turning back to "fact" both in description and sentiment. Taine tells the story of M. Roland presenting himself at the court of Louis XVI in plain evening dress, with shoes without buckles, and of the Master of Ceremonies throwing up his hands and exclaiming, like a true Frenchman, "All is lost!" Had he said "All is changed," he would have been less dramatic but his statement would have been more suggestive of the truth of the day. The incident was exactly typical of this "Age of Ideas."

Someone has written that Goldsmith, albeit unconsciously, took the first step in this revolution as it appeared in England when he showed us Dr. Primrose playing the rôle of a *Man of Feeling* in the flesh and making practical a philanthropy which, in Pope's day, would have confined itself to carefully rhymed couplets. It may be so,—but the fact remains that the first radical advance in the right direction was made by William Cowper. He went out of fashion when Sunday traveling came in. We think of him mainly as of mere academic value, leaving him "unvisited, unincensed and unread." Certainly no present-day girl would dream of using his verse as a test of her lover's sensibility, as Miss Austen's Emma did.

Cowper's importance is not to be belittled, however. Much of his poetry was written in a blank verse suggestive of the rhymed pentameters of Pope, and it is often easy to see in the background some unintended influence of that "crooked little

thing who asks questions"; and yet the later poet, who justly blamed Pope for making poetry a merely mechanical art, walked wide of the Popean narrow path, following rather Thomson, who, a decade before, had pointed out just such a poetic highway as this wearer of nightcaps was to inaugurate. But Cowper left Thomson's Arcadian figures out of his landscapes. Hayley, whose life of "Olney's great man" has been long since obsolete (in spite of its vignettes by Blake), saw in his hero "the poet of Christianity, the monitor of the world." We will no longer admit just that; we value him most for that he was in a real sense a literary pioneer. That he was genuinely a humanitarian is admirable; that there sounds in much of his work a note as manly as the greater part of the writer's temperament and life was unmanly is distinctly interesting, but it is of infinitely greater importance that he should have led the way in a true and lasting "return to nature."

"The poet of the domestic circle"—to use a turn of words more aptly descriptive than Hayley's—was born in Hertfordshire, November 26, 1731. His father, a chaplain to George the Second, was of a family "good" enough to boast several justices and at least one Earl; his mother was descended from Dr. John Donne. William was a delicate, sensitive, timid lad, ill-fitted to be thrust out into the world at eight, as he was when he was sent down to Dr. Pitman's school at Market Street. Westminster School followed, and certainly at one (only too probably at both!) he was made the victim of a fagging system whose refined cruelties he was himself to attack in the vigorous, Pompeian *Tirocinium*, thus pointing the way to the later and more potent attacks of Dickens and Tom Hughes. There is no story of the boy better known than that which he tells of being in such mortal terror of his fagmaster as seldom to dare look him in the face, recognizing his presence rather by his shoe buckles and heavy worsted stockings. Such a mental make-up and such a beginning would not suggest success in the law, and yet it was for the legal profession that young Cowper was intended, being called to the bar when twenty-three and living for some dozen years in the Inner Temple, though at that time he seems to have lightened his studies with writing

for the magazines and an occasional trip to the seashore or a visit to the theatre. When his uncle procured for him the appointment as Clerk of the Journals in the House of Peers, and while he was preparing to take his examinations to fill that post, the thought of that "day of execution" as he termed it, so weighed upon him that he went mad and attempted his life.

Augustine Birrell is of the opinion that but for this illness Cowper might have developed into a later Prior or an earlier Praed, for the essayist of *Obiter Dicta* makes much of the unwilling lawyer's deft touch and playful humor in the lighter vein of thought and poetic expression. "He loved a jest," he writes, "a barrel of oysters and a bottle of wine." The letters give ample proof of this but there is little of it in evidence in the poems; the three stanzas of "The Cricket" being a possible (and pleasant) exception, with their note of both of the versifiers whom Mr. Birrell mentions. One might quote, too, in this connection the lawyer-poet's well-known riddle on a kiss, which still stands the completest dictionary of that pledge of love and license. "Cowper from top to toe," says Birrell of it. Is it not, as well, a far echo from the maternal ancestor Donne, he of such curious skill in just such cabalistic posies?—

I am just two and two; I am warm, I am cold,
And the parent of numbers that cannot be told.
I am lawful, unlawful, a duty, a fault,
I am often sold dear, good for nothing when bought,
An extraordinary boon, and a matter of course,
And yielding with pleasure when taken by force.

But Cowper was never to write another "Cupid in Ambush" nor anticipate "The Vicar." That first attack of 1763 was to be followed by two other similar seizures, and the light poesy of those earlier years by the far more important poetry of *The Task*. There is a story that this insanity was induced by the opposition raised to his proposed marriage to his cousin Theodora, and the tale has been quite as emphatically denied. It is certain that the poet was in love with Theodora Jane Cowper, that he wrote reams of verse to her as "Delia," that her father Ashly (who wore a white hat lined with yellow silk, and was on that account likened by his nephew to a mushroom) objected,

and being a stubborn man as well as a little one, he of the fungus simile had his way. It is equally certain that Theodora wore the willow always and, dying unwed, twenty-four years after William, left behind a long-cherished packet of his love letters. It is interesting to know, too, that Theodora's younger sister, Harriet, who later became Lady Hesketh, who was the one that made for the poet those quaint muslin caps which are as much a part of our memories of the man as the hares he tamed or "John Gilpin's" self. The famous portrait by Romney shows one such on the frail-looking subject's head,— and there is the light of madness in the eyes.

After some eighteen months in a private asylum at St. Albans, Cowper, temporarily recovered, went down to Huntingdon, and so (it was then he "got religion") began those long years of intimacy with the Unwins, Mrs. Unwin being the "My Mary" of his poems. At Huntingdon, at Olney, and finally at Weston, Cowper spent the remaining thirty-five years of his life, largely supported by the charity of his relatives, filling quiet weeks with raising pineapples and building rabbit hutches, reading aloud to his two companions or turning "silken thread round ivory reels," and, day after day for twenty years, writing verse. He hated noise and contention but demanded a small and intimate circle of friends, and was himself his own "king of intimate delights, fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness." He sincerely meant—

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more!

But that other vignette, self-drawn, is quite as true:—

Now stir the fire, and close the shutter fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

At such a moment most truly was "The bard of the hearthstone," as the discriminating Sainte-Beuve dubbed him, liter-

ally fulfilling his own best-known line,—“I am monarch of all I survey.”

Cowper's affection for Mrs. Unwin was heart deep, as was her love for him, but it was eminently characteristic of the two and of their intimacy that to the end of her days (she died only four years earlier than he), this motherly guardian angel continued to call him “Mr. Cowper.” His brief affair with Lady Austen was of a somewhat warmer nature; within the week they were “Anne” and “William.” She was pretty and witty, she told him the story of Gilpin and of the loss of the Royal George, and *The Task* was composed at her order, growing out of her demand that a chronicle of “The Sofa” be written. She married a French husband soon after her departure from Olney (1784) and so went out of the poet's life, as may have been best for them both, but English letters, none the less, owes her a debt of gratitude.

Of Cowper's career, if it may be so spoken of, there is little to add. Always self-condemning, and inclined to blackest melancholy,—once even writing that he seemed to himself some dark pool on the surface of which the sun might perchance glisten for a moment, with no chance of ever reaching to the depths,—his last moments amounted to madness again. He died on the twenty-seventh of April, 1800, in his sixty-ninth year.

Of his literary remains it is *The Task* which calls for most notice to-day. Byron spoke of its author as “pious,” and Macaulay wrote that “religion was his Muse,” but this tells no more than half the truth, which stout John Wilson announced more completely when he said that Cowper's “library was the Bible and the Book of Nature.” Burns, too, set to paper quite the same opinion, as when writing of *The Task* he declared it not only “glorious” but compact of a “religion that exalts, that ennobles; the religion of God and Nature.” Surely it is the piece of work most distinctive of the man who produced it. All the world knows *John Gilpin* infinitely better, but the *jeu d'esprit* is as uncharacteristic of Cowper as *An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog* was characteristic of Goldsmith, unique among their verses as both poems were. It is safe to say, too, that

the present day knows more of Cowper's letters than *The Task*, and certainly they are the easiest written and the easiest read, all five volumes of them, of any in the language; everyone has enjoyed them from Southey on,—witty, loving, sensible, set down in the purest of English, with the sweetest of smiles. The *Moral Satires*, suggested by Pope, are little more than religious expositions. Cowper's social judgments, with the fewest exceptions, were passed from the wrong point of view, and these more ambitious ones were as deficient in true philosophy as might have been expected of one who knew next to nothing of the great world beyond his sedan-chair-like summer house, surrounded by its blossoming orchard trees, its pinks and roses and honeysuckles.

The Task, on the other hand, is a genuinely great poem, one of the relatively few such, with its undercurrent of didacticism also borne in mind, in all our literature, and especially great in its description of natural scenery. In this sort, indeed, its only true peers are Burns's *Cottar's Saturday Night* and the *Snowbound* of our own Whittier. Cowper "had his eye on his subject," remarked the late Andrew Lang; he saw clearly the actual countryside around and ignored the clipped yews and cropped hedges of Hampton Court inspiration. Southey again caught the inevitable impression, pointing out that here was genuine woodland scenery with formal gardens happily forgot. Written of himself and for himself, to the text "God made the country and man the town," the poem marks a distinct departure from the verse of the Augustan period. There are no Chloes and Strephons here, but real people of flesh and blood: the postman who knocks at the Unwin cottage door is as recognizable and human a fellow as any who punctuates our morning coffee with "news from India." In *The Task* are no landscapes imported from Holland or Italy, but true English lanes and meadowlands, sharp in outline, finished in detail. The least happening is enough to suggest some such picture; a buxom country lass, a loaded wain rumbling behind the sweating horses and between dusty hedgerows, a streamlet chuckling along over the blue pebbles,—these and a hundred other similar trifles suggest to the man the canvas which a prosy world

sees only when such as he lifts the cloth that covers it. He was as keenly alive to rural sounds, also, as he was to rural sights; the Milton of *L'Allegro* did not catch more clearly the plowman's whistle two fields off, or the rasp of the whetstone on the scythe blade, or the subdued conversation of barnyard fowls. Finally, Cowper's country seldom sets him moralizing; it is just plain country, *real* country!

Take, almost at random, these few lines from Book V, "The Winter's Morning Walk":—

The slanting ray

Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
And, tingeing all with its own rosy hue,
From every herb and every spiry blade
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.

The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents,
And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest,
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine
Conspicuous and in bright apparel clad,
And, fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.

Shaggy and lean and shrewd, with pointed ears,
And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow; and now with many a frisk
Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or plows it with his snout;
Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy.

The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering eaves
To seize the fair occasion. Well they eye
The scattered grain, and, thievishly resolved
To escape the impending famine, often scared
As oft return, a pert voracious kind.

Here is no such "return to nature" as was to be found in Wordsworth, but if Cowper did not see *into* nature as did that later, greater master, yet here is amplest proof that he saw nature. It was more than had been done by his predecessors for a full hundred and fifty years.

Burns loved *The Task*. Jowett was brought up on the poem. Hazlitt wrote of it: "With its pictures of domestic comfort and social refinement, it can hardly be forgotten but with the

language itself." It enjoyed an immense popularity for twenty years and more after its appearance, and even when in the eyes of the early nineteenth-century world it was eclipsed by Scott's northern troopers and Byron's romantic pirates, hundreds of the sober, reliable, middle-class Englishmen yet read the book by their firesides for a century more. Was it not the vivacious Marianne Dashwood, in *Sense and Sensibility*, who found it so hard to choose between the rival charms of Cowper and Walter Scott?

To us to-day *The Task* is most valuable because in it we see that poetry has again become lifelike. Here are emotions, not mere words. It may lack passion and vitality, but there is no least trace of "classic" affectation in its lines. Certainly it does not betoken a fiery talent, but as surely does it show a talent pure and tender and genuine, the talent of a man who was possessed of an observing eye; a man of personal charm, sweet and human, interested and interesting.

WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

GERMANY AND THE JUDGMENT

I.

"Professor Schönerer writes: 'We are not only men; we are more than men, because we are Germans.' Nobody smiled in Germany, when in 1905 the Kaiser said at Bremen in a public oration: 'We are the salt of the earth. God has called upon us to civilize the world. We are the missionaries of Progress.'" * This is a tempting text for one who would like to show that the German soul is diseased rather than immoral. Let us use it, rather, to show that the Germans expect to be judged by the highest ethical and spiritual standards. Let us assume the correctness of Germany's good opinion of herself, and examine her conduct in the present world-crisis by means of material as little disputable as the nature of the case allows. We shall then be in a position to have the conscience of mankind decide whether there is really a case against Germany, and can proceed to try her by a jury of her own noblest spirits. Though many of us deplore the average pro-German's inability to see any fault in Germany, even some anti-Germans admit that it is the Germans, so far as official papers and pronouncements and official news are concerned, who, apart from diplomatic secrets, have given us the frankest and most straightforward news items, except perhaps with regard to India and Egypt. Hence with some degree of confidence we may, in the light of their own admissions, examine their case *in re* the ethics of the war. It may turn out later that the conduct of the Allies with regard to Belgium and Greece will appear to be little if any more ethical than that of the Teutonic powers toward Belgium and Servia.

Thus far, however, the moral balance is heavily against the Germans. It would be absurd, indeed, to decide on that account that the German people and government are less moral than others of the great powers. Doubtless German virtues excel in other directions that are not being discussed just now. And it may well be that the Germans are simply practising con-

* Count Goblet D'Alviella, in *Hibbert Journal* for January, 1916.

sistently and with "improvements," the selfish principles that have determined the policies of the nations for many generations. When no nation is really Christian in its policy and conduct, it ill becomes us to throw all the blame on the Germans. Then, too, the circumstances of German history, fitting in with the peculiarities of German temperament and civilization, render them more open to criticism. Germany has come to her own late in the day. For generations she has had a genuine dread of being set upon by other powers. Perhaps this anxiety was the bottom fact in the formation of the Triple Alliance. Perhaps her nervousness reached greater intensity at the bringing about of the Triple Entente. Phillips Brooks, than whom one can find no fairer witness, noticed Germany's dread of attack from her neighbors as far back as the late seventies and early eighties. We have no right to doubt Germany's sincerity in this matter, nor that she had abundant reasons for perturbation after the formation of the Triple Entente. True, some of her conduct may be interpreted as aggressive; but the bulk of the evidence seems to indicate that she regarded a clash as inevitable and perhaps under the circumstances advisable. No doubt such an attitude predisposed her to "go off half-cocked." But surely it has been a commonplace of European politics that a war was likely to come sooner or later. It seems to me that the armaments were the result of mutual fear and suspicion among the nations rather than *vice versa*,—and I am quite unconvinced by the pro-British use of such books as Bernhardt's. The last-named expressed the political attitude of some influential men in Great Britain and France, and of many, perhaps, in Germany; and yet I question if it can be proved that the average German shared his view. Unquestionably German motives should be given the benefit of all reasonable doubt and the judgment of charity. Judge not lest ye be judged, is as true of nations as of individuals.

Nevertheless, it is our solemn duty to examine the ethical admissions of the government that claims to rule the most cultured and Christian people on earth. If Germany has been the victim of a sort of national hysteria, we may sorrow over her condition, but continue to hold her responsible for her acts.

She is as capable of resisting "hysteria" as any other nation is; and she has been lavish with her criticism of "decadent" and "hysterical" France.

There is one kind of partisanship which we must avow in common with great German philosophers, and that is the bias in favor of the Inviolable Moral Law. However *natural* we may find German conduct to be in the light of German history and temperament and institutions; however few the stripes the Eternal Judge may administer at the End; however much we may hereafter deprecate the attempt to punish Germany except in requiring reparation such as neutrals deem fair; however strongly some of us would wish to see the negotiations for stable peace started from the position occupied by all the belligerents before the Austrian invasion of Servia;—in fine, whatever allowances we may make for Germans and their consciences, we must strive to measure their admitted conduct by the standard of their own higher viewpoints when they have been humanitarian teachers of the world. Unless Germany can be brought to see her flagrant violation of international morality with regard especially to the three great principles of Equity, Wisdom, and Benevolence, the war will have largely been in vain. After praising Germany extravagantly for a generation it would be absurd for the world to pretend to depreciate her now, and fail to see that moral nearsightedness in Germany may become in large measure a dulling of the vision of international conscience.

II.

Remembering that we are bringing the indictment against Germany because the evidence obtainable indicates greater culpability combined with a claim, in large measure substantiated, to a high degree of culture, and admitting that all the nations are to be regarded as blameworthy, we may set forth the charges quite briefly.

1. *Offences Against Wisdom or Ethical Prudence.*—Germany's major offence on this account is admitted in her plain statement that she had given her ally a free hand against Servia, though she realized that it might bring on a European war. She was willing to run such risks in order that the Servians should be

punished for an alleged crime on the part of the Servian government against the reigning house of Austria-Hungary. Now it is the height of unwisdom to give any individuals or any nation a free hand, especially when such an attitude makes arbitration almost impossible. Then, too, on the face of the evidence, it looks as if Germany brought her issue with Russia to a sharp determination even when Austria-Hungary showed a disposition toward international discussion of the questions at issue.

The Teutonic Allies were also unwise in attempting to terrorize their enemies. Caring so little for the humanitarian sentiments of neutral nations, they inconsistently appeal to sentiment, against their own previous usage, in their effort to have the United States forbid the exportations of arms and munitions to the Allies.

Once more, Germany and Austria have been foolish in not discouraging, but rather to all appearances encouraging, a disloyal and even destructive attitude on the part of certain German-Americans. Elevating patriotism to the highest, Germany nevertheless seems to tell citizens of the United States that German blood is to count for more than American citizenship. In demanding the recall of Austrian and German diplomatic representatives, our country recognizes this unwisdom, whatever its motive.

2. *Offences Against Benevolence or Humanitarian Sentiment.*—These are multiplied by the Teutonic policy of "Frightfulness." Even if a knowledge of civilized human nature promised success for such a policy—and there has never been such promise—German "efficiency" has shown a callous, if not a cynical and cruel, disregard for the amenities of decent warfare. Even if we divide by four the accusations of the Bryce Commission, nothing can rub out the thrice damned spots made by such episodes as the Lusitania and Cavell cases, and German failure to protect the Armenians. Germany has been compelled to take some cognizance of the horror of the civilized world, but she has shown no disposition to disavow actually such atrocities or to punish the offenders. However numerous the Russian atroc-

ities,—they seem to have been confined largely to a brief period during the invasion of East Prussia,—“Barbarous Russia” has shown no effort in the direction of self-conscious *official* frightfulness. Neutral nations condemn unworthy acts, whether Russian or German. Unless we admit the direst of all ethical heresies, that the end justifies the means, even supposing that the success of Germany in crushing her enemies is the manifest desire of Providence, we cannot condone the *objective* malevolence of this policy, though kaiser and emperor were to shed gallons of tears because of the alleged necessary evil that had to be wrought. The unbiased opinion of all men everywhere at all times is against contravention of the acknowledged *mores* of the nations. If a course of conduct is to be esteemed right because Germans pursue it as “necessary,” and if the God of the kaiser is to be the God of the whole earth, sooner or later all the neutral civilized nations will be drawn into the war against Germany and Austria. If “duty” is merely a national affair and Germany is *the* nation, then indeed Kant’s categorical imperative has been perverted to ends that the fine old philosopher never dreamed of. In such case the fault is to be found, not with the absoluteness of the imperative, but with the iniquitous wresting of it to the destruction of international humane standards.

3. *Offences Against Equity*.—Here we reach perhaps the head and front of Germany’s offending—the offence against international law and the golden rule underlying it. The German Chancellor has admitted the charge in the case of the violation of Belgium’s sovereignty and the breaking of solemn international agreement. And Germany went further still. With what to some of us appears to be a blind cynicism, she asked Great Britain to forget that nation’s obligations and to compound with Germany in committing an international felony. The Chancellor puts the rather mythical claim of blood relationship ahead of sacred obligations—a claim which in the light of recent events was sinister and insincere, or else preposterously foolish. Whether or not England went to war on Belgium’s account is a matter with which we have little concern. We have

no more right to decide with regard to England's motives than in the case of Germany's, and we are quite prepared to say that Germany has persuaded herself that her "motives" were right and proper. The damning fact remains that Germany knew she was doing wrong, wanted England to connive at her wrongdoing, and had the effrontery to suggest that after the war she would and could justify the outrageous failure to respect her treaty obligations. Past crimes and misdemeanors on the part of other nations do not change the issue, least of all in the case of the land of Luther and culture. Efforts to show that France first broke the convention are as disingenuous as they are vain, in the light of the Chancellor's frank admission. Records found at Brussels and interpreted in pro-German fashion cannot clear Germany of guilt, even if they proved anything except that Great Britain and Belgium were justified in mistrusting Germany. The case of Greece, as known thus far, is so different that one feels only pity or contempt for the intellect that cannot or will not see the difference, especially in the light of Greece's recent assurances of sympathy with the Allies and her repudiation of the spirit of her treaty obligations with Servia. Nor is the case changed in any respect if it shall be shown that Italy was actuated by sordid motives in entering the war. Germany started the process of self-sophistication and moral unreason, and it would not be surprising if some of the Allies thought it necessary to fight the devil with fire, however wrong such actions may be.

It may be said as to all three counts of the indictment that Germany was justified in acting in self-defence. Now the German government *might* conceivably have said to the German people: "I could not love thee, dear, so well, loved I not honor more." Let us suppose, however, that the German leaders esteem such a sentiment as "inefficient" and sentimental. Is the whole principle of international law to be thrown overboard to suit the conveniences of one nation? Will anyone dare to assert that only by going through Belgium could Germany save herself from destruction? Is the capture of Paris so important to efficient Germany *that she could take no risks at all for the*

sake of human rights and international law and morality? Would she wish her action to become "law universal"? If another nation had made the demand on her that she made on Belgium, would she have acted otherwise than Belgium did? Is the present government of Germany so sacred and important to the world, or even to the German people, as to justify the overthrow of legal and moral standards? These and other like questions Germany may attempt to answer, but she can hope to be listened to only at the mouth of her successful great guns. Germany's most conspicuous fault is her *profound lack of sportsmanship*. German officialdom has not behaved like a gentleman and a Christian. Is it incapable of feeling the *meanness* of much that it has done, from grinding under its feet a gallant nation,—some of whose citizens naturally enough fought venomously, contrary to their government's command,—to the shooting of the poor trained nurse who was trying to save men from what she regarded as the dangers of German frightfulness? Germany may ridicule England's propensity for sport, but Great Britain can teach her the larger sportsmanship for a long time, in spite of England's doubtful initial treatment of the Boers. It is cowardly to protect oneself at the expense of the innocent; how much the more distardly is it for a professional fighter, fully prepared, to pursue aggressive action over the body of a small and unoffending neutral.

Even if Germany is carrying out logically and effectively the actual moral tendencies of the nations, we can still say, "We expected better of you, O Germany, whose spiritual leaders were faithful so long to the best moral traditions of humanitarian culture." But, no; in Germany's opinion her aggressive safety is more important than international law and the code of international ethics. Efficiency first, morality afterward, seems to be her national slogan. She has had her hour of grace; she is going through her hour of blindness; God grant that she may repent before she has to go through her hour of doom. Suppose she wins her unrighteous fight? Then, no doubt, she will be ready to punish unsympathetic neutrals that do not put her supposititious "safety" above the interests of the law and humanity. As the Frankfort paper says, she will try to teach the

United States how to discriminate between Englishmen and Germans.

III.

In the eyes of the disinterested neutral nations Germany is blind to the moral principles involved in this war. Indeed, I think that she can be judged by her own great ones of the past. Let us now set forth as concisely as possible the stages of spiritual culture as illustrated by leading German thinkers, and see, if we can, whether Germany cares for such things in her official conduct.

1. *Vocational*.—None better than some of the great souls of Germany have taught the basal truth of the dignity of the City of Man-Soul, and the eternal worth of each of its members. Lessing and Goethe, for instance, true patriots as they were, forgot not the patriotism of humanity and the sacredness of human personality in all men everywhere and at all times. On Lessing's broad stage all philosophies and religions play their worthwhile parts. The elect of earth are moral aristocrats by the grace of God, and their responsibility for service is commensurate with their power. Goethe taught the treasonableness of yielding to wild passion and the tragedy of hurting a human soul. To neither was a "place in the sun" for Germany the greatest of ethical aims. Let those who *can* imagine these giants jingoes of present-day Germany. Beneath all their thought and feeling and volition lay a firm and broad-based cosmopolitan humanitarianism. To them the real unit of the cosmos is the social individuality of separate human souls wherever they may be found. *They* would not have been mean enough to say, as some Germans have recently said, that the Germans can admire Shakespeare because he was not really English in spirit. For *they* knew that the most cosmopolitan man that ever lived was a Jewish carpenter, every fibre of whose character was typically Jewish. And yet Chamberlain, the high priest of German megalomania, tells us that Jesus was an Aryan!

Germany is eternally right in thinking that men and nations have missions. By what divine revelations, however, does she know that to Germany is given from this time on, the chieftain-

ship in all human culture, if not the overlordship of the nations? He that is greatest among us shall *serve* the brethren. Shall Germany answer the question, Who is my neighbor? by saying, Germans, or Teutons? Man's mission is to reach self-realization by serving God through service to mankind—*man-kin*. Why could not Germany be content to keep up her noble service of teaching the people to teach themselves? Has she ever shown any capacity for making other nations and races wish to swallow whole the idiosyncrasies of her own national *Kultur*? Was she not working her untrammelled way into the markets of the world as well as developing internally in a most wonderful fashion? Has she ever been able to specify definitely wherein other nations were unfairly retarding her progress? Is the world to be held responsible for the historical fact that Germany woke up too late for world dominion, even admitting that such a thing is a legitimate national ambition? Shall the largely accidental and half-conscious land-snatching of England be developed into a self-conscious world empire for Germany—and in this enlightened day? Just at the time when England is learning to give self-government to her dependencies, shall Germany expect to apply the Prussian yardstick to all things governmental and cultural? Germany may deny this lust for empire and dominance, but she cannot but admit her lack of sympathy with other types of national culture, her contempt for "barbarous" Russia and "decadent" France and "effete and hypocritical" England. Her nationalism has become a mania; her God, the God of the German tribes; her morality, German *Kultur* and "efficiency." If Germany can show that we are mistaken in these estimates, many of us will be very happy on account of the demonstration. But how can any disinterested person fail to see that Germany is not interested in the wide human sympathy of Lessing and Goethe and Herder and Kant?

2. *Ethical*.—Enough here to say that Germans like Leibnitz and Kant have taught us that each human being is a microcosm, reflecting the whole world from his own peculiar standpoint; that the moral law is a categorical imperative, allowing no side-stepping and permitting no nationalistic casuistry. Professor Dewey in blaming Kant's ethics is unfair to the Kant who wrote

the essay on universal peace, the Kant who sympathized with Rousseauan liberty, equality, and fraternity, the Kant who tells us never to treat human beings as things (even though they be Belgians), the Kant who put the golden rule of Jesus into philosophical language. What though his doctrine is twisted from its true meaning because of its use in the interests of arbitrary political absolutism instead of the absoluteness of the moral standard of the City of Souls! Morality, it is true, is not an ultimate end; that function is forever reserved for the Coming of the Kingdom of God; but it *is* a proximate end, as are all the great ideals of the true, the beautiful, and the good. Yea, all ultimate spiritual means are proximate spiritual ends, otherwise æsthetic, moral, and scientific and philosophical habits could not be formed, and the human race would expose its heritage to the deadly microbes of selfish subjectivity. Kant would not have denied that self-preservation is the *first* law of nature (not the last nor the greatest), the law of the natural man; but he would have scorned the miserable casuistry that would save some risk to the national skin at the expense of the national honor — especially when such a plea is put forward by admittedly the most efficient nation on earth about to attempt a “defensive aggressive advance” in the face of its opponents’ unreadiness.

3. *Mystical*.—It may be that the German overlords would scorn the very name of “mystic.” But Germany has ever been the land of the truest mysticism. Two of her leading theologians, if not the two most influential, namely, Schleiermacher and Ritschl, though they cannot be called technical mystics, and the latter thought that he scorned mysticism, have taught the world to build theology on the principle of Universal Love. Now Christian Love is always mystical. It insists on believing all things and hoping all things, it suffereth long and is kind, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly. Contrast this central doctrine of Christianity and of the most influential German theology with German “Hymns of Hate,” and the current German feeling toward England for doing her manifest duty and thus protecting her ultimate national integ-

rity. Individual Englishmen and Frenchmen may hate Germany, but German hatred of the Allies, especially England, seems to be active and effective in its *results*. Even if England *had* outwitted Germany in the game of diplomacy, why should Germany be so unsportsmanlike as to rave over "perfidious Albion"? Once again we see the truth of the contention that Germany's chief trouble is her lack of sportsmanship. Love is always generous, sportsmanlike, gentle, and manly.

4. *Visional*.—We have seen the two universal-minded poets teaching us the meaning of the Vocation of Man; two philosophers of the same nation have shown us the sacredness and universality of the Law of Righteousness as opposed to the pseudo-imperative of a merely self-preserving and narrow national "duty" interpreted by a bureaucracy; we have found two great German theologians teaching us of Love as the unifying principle of religion, and thus bringing us back to the central meaning of the revelation and cosmic activity of Jesus. And now, when we come to the final apocalyptic stage of the manly-religious Mystic Way, we are once more indebted to Germans. Johannes Weiss and Schweitzer would be the last to claim equality with the great men we have spoken of; but they have brought, through their vocation as New Testament critics, a new vision of values in the revelational philosophy of Jesus. I call this stage the Vision of Immediacy; and I believe that it transvaluates the meaning of the stages that precede it. The world needs a Vocation, an Ethics, a Love, an Apocalyptic Vision, each an attitude of progressive immediacy. Weiss and Schweitzer have shown incontestably that Christ emphasized the apocalyptic aspect of His Mission, and that the early church was true to His teaching. Jesus expected the end of the world and His own coming in largest cosmic fashion some time within the generation of men then on the earth. He did not profess to know the day or the hour; but from first to last He used but transfigured the message of His predecessor, John the Baptist—"Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." And this is *the* message in this day of catastrophe and cataclysm. We can hear as seldom before the groaning and travailing of

the whole creation. The cry, "Kill and conquer," drowns out the voice of the angel choir with its "Peace on earth to men of good-will." The men of good-will toward mankind are not in charge of the destinies of Germany. The German *Kultur*-bringers deceive themselves by thinking or pretending to think that they may pick and choose which human souls they may value and which despise. They call this attitude super-moral "patriotism." Not so. Inasmuch as ye have done harm to these my brethren, even these least, ye have done it unto Me, says the strong Son of God who came to bring peace *and* a sword. Men will and perhaps should fight until they learn to repent and love. Men will fight until peace is the product of the fight for perfection. Men will fight until the Hymns of Hate, uttered or unuttered, English or German, give place to the Law of Love written in the hearts of men and therefore on the statute books of the nations.

The dominant Liberal Protestantism of Germany has been foremost in putting the Kingdom of God as the prime object of Christ's endeavors, and therefore the conscious goal of Christians. German scholars have lately been showing the intense futurism of the work of Jesus. Yet it is the German bureaucracy that has dealt a staggering blow to that international law which represents the efforts of the nations towards humaneness and the righteousness of the Kingdom of God. The Messiah was due to come in Christ's day. The sufficient Cause was present in a Life, a Death, and a Resurrection; but the wicked wills of man have kept it back until now. God has "all the time that is," but how do *we* dare to retard the Course of Things? Let all the nations answer; but especially must the Cultured Nation give its account at the last day, if not sooner.

The Conscience of the World, acting as Grand Jury of Humanity, has brought in a true bill against Germany. The Trial Jury of Germany's own has judged her guilty. Not a German "*von Gott*," but the God of all men will pronounce sentence and put it into execution. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

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THE MYSTICAL INTERPRETATION OF ART.

The foundation for any clear discussion of a subject lies in an understanding of terms. In discussing a subject having anything to do with mysticism this is especially true, as mysticism has been a much abused and misunderstood term, even by scholars.

Mysticism is a phase of thought, or rather, perhaps of feeling, which from its very nature is hardly susceptible of exact definition. It is not a name applicable to any particular system of thought. It has been called a doctrine, but it is scarcely that, for mystics have never formulated any doctrine to which they would all subscribe. It may be the outgrowth of many differing modes of thought and feeling. In the absence of any formulated definition, we may, tentatively, suggest the following, and then, after a historical survey, we can see if this carries us safely through: Mysticism may be called the belief that the unity of the individual, or the human soul, with the absolute, or God, is possible. Correlative to this we may say that a mystic is one who believes in the immediate revelation of the truth. Professor Rufus Jones of Haverford College in his *Studies in Mystical Religion*¹ thus carefully defines his term: "I shall use the word mysticism to express the type of religion which puts the emphasis on immediate awareness of relation with God, in direct and intimate consciousness of the Divine Presence. It is religion in its most acute, intense, and living stage." While mysticism is thus religious in that it aims for actual communion with the Supreme Being. It is also philosophical in that it is an attempt of the human mind to grasp the ultimate reality of things. But its religious character is paramount, in that "it demands a faculty above reason, and becomes triumphant where philosophy despairs."² In this sense it is also transcendental.

Mystical writers of the past have so little cared for a formal declaration of their own ideas that we can readily understand

¹Introduction, p. xv.

²Prof. Andrew Seth in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, under "Mysticism,"

why the term mysticism has become synonymous with vagueness or mysteriousness, and it has been given so wide a scope that the Hindoo ecstasies, the Neo-Platonists, the morbid mediæval ascetics and the Quakers have all been put in the same class. The error of such a classification is apparent. It arose from a notion prevalent at all times concerning mystics.

It seems to have been believed that the mystical ideal is not a life of ethical energy among mankind, but an inward life, spent wholly in contemplation and devout communion. That there have been mystics who held this extreme view must be true. Dionysius and Scotus Erigena believed that unity with God, with its eternal rest, was held to be unconditionally higher than the world, and that life should not strive to enter into the fullness of the world, but rather to retire from it into the unity superior to all plurality and movement, separation and unrest. Thomas à Kempis and other ascetics held a similar attitude. With this type of mysticism in mind, Rudolf Eucken wrote, "Mysticism holds that the essence of all wisdom consists in becoming increasingly absorbed in the eternal being." George Santayana, believing that the ideal mysticism consisted in the throwing off of the human, thus criticises the mystical attitude: "The mystics declare that to God there is no distinction in the value of things—only our human prejudice makes us prefer a rose to an oyster, or a lion to a monkey. . . . To the mystic, the definite constitution of his own mind is hateful. . . . A passionate negation, the motive of which, although morbid, is in spite of itself perfectly human, absorbs all his energies, and his ultimate triumph is to attain *the absoluteness of indifference*. And what is true of mysticism in general is true also of its manifestation in æsthetics."⁴ Thus Santayana understands that the mystic finds beauty in everything, that taste is abolished, and, "for the ascending series of æsthetic satisfactions we have substituted (by the mystic) a monotonous judgment of identity."

Coomeraswamy, the Hindoo mystic, gives us the answer to

³*Main Currents of Modern Thought*, p. 244.

⁴*Sense of Beauty*, p. 127.

this false implication, when he acknowledges that the mystic believes Beauty to exist everywhere, but prefers to state that Beauty may be *discovered anywhere*, for, if it were true that—putting it crudely—Beauty is everywhere, then we could pursue it with our camera and scales, after the fashion of experimental psychologists.

Santayana simply refers again to the mysticism of the Middle Ages, the mysticism of Bernard Clairvaux, who wrote, "As the little drop of water poured into a large measure of wine seems to lose its own nature entirely and to take on both the taste and the colour of the wine, or as iron heated red hot loses its own appearance and glows like fire, or as air filled with sunlight is transformed into the same brightness so that it does not so much appear to be illuminated as to be itself light—so must all human feeling towards the Holy One be self-dissolved in unspeakable wise, and wholly transfused into the will of God. For how shall God be all in all if anything of man remains in man?"⁵

If the above views expressed mysticism in the truest sense, it would seem that Santayana was right in saying that the mystical attitude toward art was one of indifference. Without depreciating the value of the mysticism of the ages of faith, it is clear, however, that there is quite another sort of mysticism, not opposed to the kind we have referred to, but which, while sympathizing with it, interprets the mystic idea in a more humane way.

"Mysticism," according to Dr. J. Rendel Harris, an eminent mystical writer of England, now living, "consists in a union according to which the outward life in the world is conformed to an inward life with God."⁶

This is not new to the twentieth century, nor is this concept of mysticism confined to a few religious mystics; it can be found throughout the writings of most mystics, but philosophic writers on the subject have generally failed to see it.

If mysticism were not capable of this practical interpretation,

⁵*De diligendo Deo*, c. 10.

⁶*Aaron's Breastplate*, p. 41.

it would be difficult for us to understand the history of the influence of mysticism on æsthetics. If it were true that mysticism tended to make one indifferent to art, as Santayana says, or that it endeavored to kill out the world of sense, as Eucken implies, then how are we to account for the fact that it was a mystical philosopher who first studied the problem of æsthetics and placed it upon an enduring basis? As an historical survey will show, mystic philosophers have assigned an important place to æsthetics in their systems.

It is a singular fact that the Greeks, superior as they were in artistic achievement, did not assign an important place to art in their philosophic works. The case against art was maintained by no less a thinker than the greatest artist among the philosophers, Plato. Proceeding upon the assumption that art was imitative, Plato barred all artists from his ideal state. The founders of his "Republic" must be men of constructive genius, not mere imitators. And thus the Platonists were never able to identify Beauty with Art. They clearly distinguished the artistic fact, mimetic from its content, from Beauty. And yet, strangely, it was Plato who started the whole question of mystic æsthetics—though unconsciously—in his discussion of the relation of Beauty to the Good. It was his disciple, the founder of Neo-Platonism, who was the father of mystic æsthetics in the full sense.

Plotinus (A. D. 204-270), an Egyptian by birth, native of Lycopolis, lived and studied under Ammonius Saccas in Alexandria at a time when that city was the centre of the intellectual world, filled with teachers and schools of philosophies of all kinds, Platonic and Oriental, Egyptian and Christian. He was a fellow pupil of Origen, and hence, it has been thought that he was largely influenced by Christian thought. Later, from the age of forty, he labored in Rome, where he founded a school, having, among his followers the most eminent citizens of Rome. He drew the form of his thought both from Plato and from Hermetic philosophy, but its real inspiration was his own experience, for his biographer, Porphyry, has recorded that during the six years he lived with Plotinus, the latter attained four times to ecstatic union with "the One."

Plotinus's writings were arranged by his pupil, Porphyry, and published in six "Enneads." These Enneads are the primary and classical documents of Neo-Platonism. From these we learn that Plotinus was able to identify, as none of his predecessors had done, Beauty and Art. With him the beautiful and art were dissolved together in a passion and mystic elevation of the spirit. With him the beauty of natural objects was the archetype existing in the soul, which is the foundation of all natural beauty. Thus was Plato, he said, in error when he despised the arts for imitating nature, for nature herself imitates the idea, and art also seeks her inspiration directly from those ideas whence nature proceeds. We have here, with Plotinus and with Neo-Platonism, the first appearance of mystical æsthetics, destined to play so important a part in later æsthetic theory.

To quote from Plotinus: "If anyone condemns the arts because they create by way of imitation from nature, first we must observe that natural things are an imitation of something further (that is, of underlying reasons or ideas), and next we must bear in mind that the arts do not simply imitate the visible, but go back to the reasons from which nature comes; and, further, that they create much out of themselves, and add to that which is defective, as being in themselves things of beauty, since Pheidias did not create his Zeus after any perceived pattern, but made him such as he would if Zeus deigned to appear to mortal eyes."¹

And so a portrait is not the mere image of an image and no more, as Plato had said it was, unless it be the mere imitation of the features, and no more, but instead, as Plotinus said, it is *symbolic* of something behind the visible.

Plotinus also contested the theory that Beauty consisted in the material form or in symmetry. "Beauty," he declared, "is rather a light that plays over the symmetry of things than the symmetry itself, and in this consists its charm. For why is the light of beauty rather in the living face and only a trace of it in the dead, though the countenance be not yet disfigured in the

¹ Bosanquet, *History of Æsthetic*, p. 113.

symmetry of its substance? And why are more life-like statues the more beautiful? . . ."⁸

Plotinus, by including æsthetics in his philosophy, brought the beautiful into sympathy with the interests of mystical contemplation. Mystical æsthetics becomes at once fundamentally religious. The artistic temper is allowed to pervade the whole of life and the pathway is paved for the spiritual art of the Middle Ages.

From the time of Plotinus on, whatever there was of mystic æsthetics was also Christian. Spiritual life had been deepened by the new religion, and art was turned into new pathways from those which it had followed during the degeneracy of the latter days of the ancient world. As Rudolf Eucken expresses it, the founder of Christianity, like all founders of the historical religions, had made a powerful impression upon the imaginations of people. By the transformation of human existence which he was able to effect, art took a new place in life, as symbolic of spiritual truths. That there is much of mysticism in Christianity we know, and hence it could not help but follow that Christian mysticism had a great effect on art.

And so, throughout the Middle Ages, Art went on its way, a part of the religious life of the centuries, but no philosopher of mystic art arose. Throughout the long list of philosophers who discussed the problem of art during this time, there is scarcely one who renewed the Neo-Platonistic discussion. Aristotle was the leading authority in philosophy for the Middle Ages, and as he was a mere echo of Plato, as far as his æsthetics is concerned, it is not to be wondered at that the subject was so long forgotten.⁹

The Renaissance, revolting as it did from the mysticism of the former age, continued to ignore the æsthetics of the school of Plotinus, and was perhaps too busy with art itself to find time in metaphysical abstractions concerning art. Possibly we find in

⁸ Bosanquet, *History of Æsthetic*, p. 116.

⁹ In Bosanquet's *History of Æsthetic*, chap. vi, on "Some Traces of the Continuance of the Æsthetic Consciousness Throughout the Middle Ages," the subject is fully discussed.

Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poesie* the chief discussion of the subject during that period, though there are traces of Neo-Platonic thinking in the poet Spenser, in Marsilio Ficino, and in Baldassare Castiglione.

With Winckelmann (1764) Neo-Platonism was renewed. Winckelmann held that perfect beauty is to be found only with God and the conception of beauty becomes the more perfect in proportion as it can be thought as in agreement with the Supreme Being. But there is little of the mystic in Winckelmann, who hopelessly involved himself in his vain attempt to define Beauty.

Kant had a tendency to mysticism, but it was a mysticism without enthusiasm, against the grain, and hence no mysticism in the true sense at all. He maintained that to understand Art, a special psychic capacity was needed, "Urteilstkraft." Kant was uncertain as to what Beauty was, he could not solve the problem, and hence he believed that a mysterious power, which he himself did not possess, was needed to understand it.

The so-called Romanticism of the beginning of the nineteenth century included a natural revival of the mystic æstheticism of Neo-Platonism; in this latter period the names of Schelling and of Solger are conspicuous.

Schelling, Solger, and also Hegel were all mystical æstheticians. Schelling forced upon art the abstract Platonic ideas. "For him, as for Solger, Beauty belongs to the region of Ideas, which are inaccessible to common knowledge. Art is nearly allied to religion, for as religion is the abyss of the idea, into which our consciousness plunges, that it may become essential, so Art and the Beautiful resolve in their way, the world of distinctions, the universal and the particular. . . . Art must touch infinity and cannot have ordinary nature for its object, but ideas."¹⁰ Through the creative activity of the artist, the absolute reveals itself in perfect identity of subject and artist. Thus Schelling places himself among the mystics in believing that art is higher than philosophy.

Hegel reduced Art to the concrete idea. The Beautiful he

¹⁰ Croce, *Æsthetic*, p. 305. Translated by Douglas Ainslie.

defined as the sensible appearance of the Idea. These three philosophers, Schelling, Solger, and Hegel, were all opposed to the intellectualistic view, and also (herein being inconsistent as mystics) to the moralistic view. Art must serve neither a moralistic nor a philosophic purpose. Art must be free, with Hegel even free from religion. In this respect Hegel differed from Schelling, for with him Art was inferior to, even if free from, religion and philosophy, and hence in the Hegelian system Art could not satisfy our highest needs.

Schopenhauer viewed Schelling and Hegel as charlatans. "He was," says Bosanquet¹¹, "*prima facie* a mystic," and, in contrast to Hegel, represented the mystic tendency to give a plain answer to a plain question, impatient and even disdainful of the circuitous approaches to systematic thought. Why this should be called a mystic tendency does not seem clear. Nor is it clear why Schopenhauer has been called a mystic. He was profoundly influenced by ancient Indian philosophy, it is true, and seemed to reflect much that was found in Plotinus, but he drew most from classical thought, was unable to understand the art of the Middle Ages, recurring to classical æsthetic entirely for his arguments. There are, however, mystic elements in his æsthetics.

Beauty, with Schopenhauer, has two sides—first, it frees us from the will to live, our greatest vice; second, it fills our minds with an "idea." "The artist lends us his eyes to look through."¹² The artist genius can understand the half-uttered speech of nature and so produce what she desired to produce but failed.

What mysticism there was in Schopenhauer was accidental, the result of his revolt against life, the result of his pessimism, strange to say. He welcomed suspension of thought, through Art, for with Schopenhauer "The Art-consciousness demands that we should regard the object presented, apart from its *why*, its *wherefore*, its *how*, and its *when*. In doing so, we approach the pure Platonic idea, the ideal type of the object considered in it-

¹¹ Croce, *Æsthetic*, p. 363.

¹²This expression of Schopenhauer's has been seized upon by all students of his works. Belfort Box discusses it and Caldwell in *Schopenhauer's System in Its Philosophical Significance*, p. 254.

self. The subject for the nonce is emancipated from its ordinary desires and impulses, apprehensions and interests, and becomes, so to speak, raised to a higher potency of consciousness. It is conscious no longer of the individual thing, but of the eternal form."¹³ Schopenhauer says, "Every painting, by the very fact that it fixes forever the fleeting moment, and thus takes it out of time, gives us not the individual but the idea, that which endures amid all change."¹⁴

Such statements reveal Schopenhauer's debt to Plotinus and Neo-Platonism, especially when he says, "The essence of Art supposes that its one case answers for thousands, since what it intends by the careful and detailed portrayal of the individual is the revelation of the Idea of its kind."¹⁵

That Art was not imitative Schopenhauer explained thus: "The true reason why wax figures made no æsthetic impression and are therefore not works of art in the æsthetic sense, is, that they give not merely the form but the matter as well and hence produce the illusion that one has the thing itself before one. When well made they produce one hundred times greater illusion than the best picture can do, and hence, if illusive imitation of the Real were the purpose of art, they would occupy the first rank. Thus, unlike the true work of art, which leads us away from that which exists only once and never again, i.e. the individual, to that which is there continuously through endless times, and in endless number, in short, to the mere form or Idea. . . . The wax figure gives us apparently the individual itself, yet without the only thing which lends to such a transitory existence

¹³*Introduction to Schopenhauer's Essays*, Belfort Box, p. xxxviii.

¹⁴P. 276. Schopenhauer's Essay "Of the Metaphysics of the Beautiful and on Aesthetic," tr. by Box, p. 276.

¹⁵*Ibid.*, p. 281. All the above ideas are practically summed up in the following passage of the original: "So ist dagegen die Kunst überall am Ziel. Denn sie reißt das Objekt ihrer Kontemplation heraus aus dem Strome des Weklaufs und hat es isoliert vor sich, und dieses Einzelne was in jenem Strom ein verschwindend kleiner Teil war, wird ihr ein Repräsentant des Ganzen, ein Aequivalent des in Raum und Zeit unendlich Vielen." Schopenhauer's *Philosophie der Kunst*, p. 29.

its value, to-wit, life. Hence the wax figure excites a shudder, its effect being that of a stiff corpse."¹⁶

To be freed from the individual self is the pessimistic reason for Schopenhauer's appreciation of Art. He explains this in speaking of nature. After discussing the reasons why we are gladdened by some forms of nature, and saddened by others, he says, "What so delights us in the appearance of vegetable nature is the expression of rest, peace and satisfaction which it bears. . . . Hence it is that it succeeds so readily in transforming us into the state of pure cognition *which frees us from ourselves.*"¹⁷ And further on he continues, "It is surprising to see how vegetable nature, in itself of the most commonplace and insignificant character, immediately groups and displays itself beautifully and picturesquely, when once it is removed from *the influence of human caprice.*"¹⁷

"For Schopenhauer," says Croce,¹⁸ "as for his idealist predecessors, Art is beatific. It is the flower of life, he who is plunged in artistic contemplation ceases to be an individual, he is the conscious subject, pure, freed from will, from pain, and from time."

Art, therefore, must be removed from everything that will remind us of our individual existence. For this reason, perhaps, Schopenhauer said: "A man who undertakes to live by the grace of the Muses is like a girl who lives by her charms. Both alike profane, by base livelihood, what should be the free gift of their innermost. Both alike suffer exhaustion and both will probably end disgracefully. . . . Poetic gifts belong to the holidays, not to the working days of life."¹⁹

This is the narcotic attitude toward art. Art induces the calm of reverie, of forgetfulness of self, not the calm of the mystic, the *ataraxia*²⁰ which distinguishes him. It is difficult to find any passages of Schopenhauer which strike the true mystic note. He did not look earnestly into the problem of aesthetic, but clung to

¹⁶*Op. cit.*, p. 282.

¹⁷*Op. cit.*, p. 287 (Italics not in the original).

¹⁸*Aesthetic*, p. 309, tr. Douglas Ainslie.

¹⁹Essay "Of the Metaphysics of the Beautiful, etc.," p. 290.

²⁰Literally "undisturbedness."

his prejudices. For instance, in his admiration for classicism he overlooked the Middle Ages, which he termed dark in every sense, and hence he had no understanding of the Gothic. Gothic architecture, with its many purposeless ornaments and knick-knacks, was in direct opposition to classic architecture, which was perfect in its simplicity. There was doubtless too much of the personal in Gothic art for Schopenhauer.

It has been necessary to dwell at this length on the æsthetics of Schopenhauer, because in his system there exist elements for a better and a more profound treatment of the problems of art. It is readily seen that he reached his conclusion through a longing to be lulled into forgetfulness of existence. But in spite of himself, in spite of his pessimism and his irreligion, he attained a vision which the mystic recognizes as similar to his own.

It is not in Germany that we will find the æsthetics of the mystic. In our own day, Benedetto Croce's æsthetics comes close to being mystic. In his endeavor to find five kinds of æsthetics, he enumerates them as follows: (1) empirical, (2) utilitarian, moralistic or practical, (3) intellectualistic, (4) agnostic and, finally, (5) mystic. Of this latter æsthetic he says, "According to this view, art would be the highest pinnacle of knowledge, whence what is seen from other points seems narrow and partial; art would alone reveal the whole horizon or all the abysses of Reality."²¹

In other words, Croce sees that the mystic must, if consistent, place art upon the highest plane, and hence he seems to give mystic æsthetic the greatest praise. But, he states, "Empiricism, practicicism, intellectualism, agnosticism, mysticism, are all *eternal stages of the search* for truth. They are eternally relieved and rethought in the truth which each contains. Thus it would be necessary for him who had not yet turned his attention to æsthetic facts to begin by passing them before his eyes, that is to say, he must first traverse the empirical stage (about equivalent to that occupied by mere men of letters and mere amateurs of art), and

²¹ *Æsthetic*, appendix. Lecture on "Pure Intuition and the Lyrical Nature of Art," tr. by Douglas Ainslie.

while he is at this stage he must be aroused to feel the want of a principle of explanation, by making him compare his present knowledge with the facts and see if they are explained by it, if they be utilitarian and moral or logical and intellective. Then we should drive him who has made this examination to the conclusion that the æsthetic activity is something different from all known forms—a form of the spirit, which it yet remains to characterize." Having thus come so close to the mystic attitude toward æsthetic, Croce goes on to explain that the progressive thinker will proceed from one to the other until he finds himself on the ground of mystical æsthetic.

But, with reason enough, Croce finds fault with mystic æsthetic as it has been historically presented. As this æsthetic places art above philosophy, it involves itself in an inextricable difficulty, for how could art be superior to philosophy, when philosophy places it upon the operating table and analyses it? Mystic æsthetic thus oversteps its boundary, while, too, it often sinks below its proper level, as when it affirms that art is a function of the spirit, ineffable and cannot be defined. Therefore Croce offers a sixth æsthetic, that of intuition, which is neither superior to nor inferior to philosophy. The æsthetic of intuition would make art the simplest form of the spirit, the strength of art lies in being thus simple, hence its fascination. As man is intuitionally, that is, in his simplest moments, a poet, so art perpetually makes us poets again.

This theory of art, Croce himself states, "takes its origin from the criticism of the loftiest of all the other doctrines of æsthetics, from the criticism of mystical æsthetic, and contains in itself the criticism and the truth of all the others."

A full discussion of Croce's intuitional æsthetic would involve a study of Croce's use of terms. What is intuition, we must ask, in distinction from illumination?—the illumination of the mystic. Without going into this matter, it is difficult to understand Croce's distinction between intuition and mystical æsthetics. Ananda Coomeraswamy, who seems to be a real mystic, does not separate the two. "The history of a work of art,"

he states,²² "is as follows: first, there is an æsthetic *intuition* on the part of the original artist, the poet or creator; then, second, there is the internal expression of this intuition, the true creation or vision of beauty; third, there is the indication of this by external signs, language, for the purpose of communication, the technical activity; and, fourth, we find the resulting stimulation of the critic or *rasika* to reproduction of the original intuition or of some approximation to it."

This is mystic and at the same time intuitional æsthetics, and it is to be noted how this Indian mystic keeps his feet upon firm ground by asserting the artistic transaction. "Works of art are reminders of the Beauty discovered by the artist who created them," he says, and again: "The true critic perceives the Beauty of which the artist exhibited the signs."

Croce's chief criticism of mystic æsthetics is of its apparent disdain of philosophy and science. Yet Croce's intuitional æsthetics seems to have the same disdain. To use his own words: "Art does not allow itself to be troubled with the abstractions of the intellect, and therefore does not make mistakes,"²³ and "Art is the dream of the life of knowledge."

This is also what Coomeraswamy says: "The vision of Beauty is spontaneous, just as is the Inward Light." . . . "It is a state of grace that cannot be achieved by deliberate effort."

The Italian and the Indian both explain the mystical interpretation of Art.

What Croce has endeavored to do is to reconcile the various conflicting theories of æsthetics. It may be possible to do this with some of them. Rudolf Eucken has attempted to reconcile mystic and moral æsthetics. He writes²⁴: "When the great object (of progress) is to attain to a new world and a new life, to rise above the petty aims of the mere man and mere every day life, then art, with its quiet and sure labour, conditioned by the inner necessities of things, with its inner liberation of the soul,

²²*Burlington Magazine*, April, 1915.

²³*Op. cit.*, p. 401.

²⁴*Main Currents of Modern Thought*, p. 399.

and with its power to bring the whole infinitude of being inwardly near to us, and to make it part of our own life, must be directly reckoned as moral.

"On the other hand, a type of art which thinks highly of itself and its tasks cannot possibly despise morality. There has hardly ever been a creative artist of the first rank who professed the æsthetical view of life. For such a one cannot look upon art as a separate sphere dissociated from the rest of life; he must put his whole soul into his creation; he cannot be satisfied with a mere technique, and he is far too conscious of the difficulties and shortcomings of this creation to make it a mere matter of enjoyment. As a matter of fact, the æsthetical view of life is professed not so much by artists themselves as by dilettanti who study art from the outside, who, not much disposed to abstract discussion, and indeed defenceless against it, hardly realize that this separation of life from art as a whole does not elevate art but degrades it."

That the mystic æsthetician holds the same views as here expressed is shown when Coomeraswamy quotes the words of Millet: "Beauty does not arise from the subject of a work of art, but from the necessity that has been felt of representing that subject."

It will be seen that Eucken in the above passage criticises the ultra-emotional, the Oscar Wilde type of æstheticism, and while he does not appear elsewhere to be an avowed mystic, he shows the growing sympathetic understanding of mysticism on the part of modern thinkers. And at the same time it must be added that the mystic attitude is susceptible of better appreciation, for mysticism need not be understood as a retirement from life, since the goal of the mystic, *ataraxia*, has been brought near to the daily life of the world.

This is strikingly exemplified in William Blake, in whom was united, in a very remarkable way, the artist, poet, and mystic. The æsthetician would have far to seek to find a man equally great in all three fields, who subjected his art to his visions and lived true to his ideals. Engraver by profession, poet and painter by choice, mystic and seer by nature, Blake lived a truly mys-

tical life, like Wordsworth "in a world of glory, of spirit and of vision, which for him was the only real world."²⁵ Outwardly his life was no long holiday; far from that, it was a struggle against poverty which he unhesitatingly faced. But he could say of Lawrence and other popular artists, "They pity me—but it is they who are just objects of pity. I possess my visions and peace. They have sold their birthright for a mess of pottage." Blake had the misfortune, if such it was, to be isolated in an age which was uncongenial to the spirit of mysticism. Isolated, and hence undisciplined, resenting the restraint of criticism, he was led to what still seems to be extravagance. Had it not been for this we might have had a great historical example in William Blake of the illuminative influence of mysticism on Art.²⁶

Thus mystic aesthetic cannot uphold Schopenhauer in believing that artistic gifts belong to the holidays, not to the working days of life. How far this theory leads one can be understood in reading Santayana. "Art," says he, "is the response to the demand for entertainment,"²⁷ and again where he seems to quote

²⁷*Sense of Beauty*, p. 22.

Schopenhauer: "The appreciation of beauty and its embodiment in the arts are activities which belong to our holiday life, when we are redeemed for the moment from the shadows of evil and the slavery to fear, and are following the bent of our nature where it chooses to lead us."

Santayana was led to such conclusions by his definition of art and morality. We have already seen what a false idea he had of mysticism. Morality he makes mystic in character, concerning

²⁵*Mysticism in English Literature*, C. F. E. Spurgeon, p. 129.

²⁶It would be inconsistent with the nature of this article to refer to the many painters, poets, writers, and musicians who have expressed mysticism in their art. The English mystics may be studied in Miss Spurgeon's *Mysticism in English Literature*. Evelyn Underhill's (Mrs. Moore's) *Mysticism*, which has a valuable bibliography, should be consulted, while Professor Rufus Jones' *Studies in Mysticism* is the best work on the subject of the religious mystics. This latter work also takes up the question of St. Francis and his influence. St. Francis is an important figure in the study of mysticism and art, as he exhibits in himself the blending of the two elements, the mystic and the artistic or poetic, as do Wordsworth and Blake.

itself in the prevention of suffering, while art is concerned with the giving of pleasure. These statements are on a par with his definition of mysticism.

Mystic æsthetics does not take this view; it does not content itself with the hedonistic conception of art, and hence finds no distinction, as that between servant and master, between Art and Morality. Mystic æsthetics will deny as totally insufficient such principles as Marshall works upon, making æsthetics a branch of hedonics and thereby developing a new so-called "algedonic" æsthetics. Any physiological theory such as Darwin, Spencer, or Groos have proposed is naturally opposed to a spiritual æsthetic. Great art, mystic æsthetics believe, is only produced by a spiritual activity. Where Beauty is, there is the Kingdom of Heaven, subjective and undivided, and here the essential mystic note is sounded: "There is no beauty save that in our own hearts."

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THE VICAR OF MORWENSTOW

As we left our carriage and walked down the lane towards the Sea, we could discern two gray towers rising above the bare hills along the coast and surrounded by a few stunted sycamores. This was the goal of our pilgrimage, Morwenstow. A spot more out of the world it would have been difficult to find. For miles inland the country is bleak and barren, wind-swept and forbidding, and what few trees and bushes are to be seen, bend away from the Sea, as if covering before an expected blow from his mighty hand.

Cornwall was once a sacred land, like Ireland, and towns and villages bear the names of saints and missionaries. Of these was the Welsh saint, Morwena, who lived and taught in a cell in this cleft in the rocky coast. When she lay dying in the glen, she asked her companions to lift her up in their arms that her eyes might rest on her native Wales and its blue hills, just over the Severn Sea. On a clear day one can see the Welsh hills upon which rested the eyes of Saint Morwena; and this side of those hills, Lundy's Isle, once the stronghold of pirates; to the west the Atlantic piles up its wrath and scorn against the granite rocks, and far to the southeast loom the Tors of Dartmoor, and this side of them, the church towers of Kilkhampton Church, where the bones of the Granvilles lie sleeping.

It was to this church of Morwenstow, thus situate at the head of the valley running down to the Severn Sea, that Robert Stephen Hawker came as Vicar in 1834, bringing with him his wife, whom he had married when a student at Oxford, and who was only twenty-one years his senior, one year older than his mother. Church and parish were in a state of decay when Hawker appeared on the scene. Cornwall had been a favorite soil for the followers of Wesley and most of the inhabitants had become Dissenters. Hawker thus describes his people and his work: "My people were a mixed multitude of smugglers, wreckers, and dissenters of various hue. A few simple-hearted farmers had clung to the gray old sanctuary of the church and the tower

that looked along the Sea, but the bulk of the people had become followers of the great preacher of the last century who came down into Cornwall and persuaded the people to alter their sins. Mine was a perilous warfare. If I had not, like the apostle, to 'fight with wild beasts at Ephesus,' I had to soothe the wrecker, to persuade the smuggler, and to 'handle serpents,' in my intercourse with adversaries of many a kind."

These "followers of the great preacher" Hawker hated with a most perfect and unchristian hatred. Next to them, he hated the Evangelicals of his own communion. It is related of him that he once inquired of Dissenters the reason for their reluctance in coming to him to make arrangements for burials. They answered, "Well, sir, we thought you objected to burying Dissenters." "Not at all," said Hawker, "I should be only too glad to bury you all."

The new Vicar took great pride and interest in building again the walls of this Cornish Zion. His own vicarage he built a little to the west of the church, in a spot where he had seen the lambs taking shelter from the wind, not that the house might be sheltered from the winds, but that the refuge of the lambs should typify the vicarage, the sheltering place of the flock. This bit of his history introduces us to the nature of the man. He was a mystic, a symbolist, and in all the figures and carvings of his church, and in all the incidents of the day, he saw the reflection of Christian truth. Demons and angels were as real to him as they were to St. Francis. His barn, unlike his vicarage, was built in a spot exposed to the fury of the Atlantic winds. When his neighbors remonstrated with him, he assured them that no harm could come to his barn for he had put the sign of the cross on it. In a few days the gales unroofed it, but Hawker explained the occurrence by saying that the Devil was so enraged at seeing the sign of the cross on the barn that he tore off the roof.

The church consists of two aisles and a nave, dating back to the 16th century. The arches are heavy Norman, the oaken benches richly carved and a vine embraces the pillars and runs along the moulding. Among the graves is that of a priest who lies, not like the flock with their feet to the east, that they may

greet the Resurrection Morn, but with his head to the east and his feet to the west, that in the Resurrection Day he may face those for whom he must give an account.

Here the gifted and eccentric Vicar read his lessons and offered his sacrifices and preached his sermons. At the altar he was attended by nine cats who walked with him from the vicarage, and sometimes by a dog as well. One of the cats was excommunicated and suffered expulsion from the holy place because she devoured a mouse during a service. In his ministrations Hawker wore blood-red gloves. He had to pass from the chancel into the pulpit by a very narrow gate, through which he could just manage to squeeze himself. He likened it to the camel going through the eye of the needle. With all his symbolism and ritualism, questions must have suggested themselves to his parishioners when they saw him scratching the neck of one of the cats when reading the prayers, or heard him call out to the sexton who was ringing the bell during service, "Now, Tom, three for the Trinity and one for the Blessed Virgin!" But this must be considered together with the fact that he quite frequently knocked the hat off the head of a visitor who happened to put that article on before reaching the door.

Hawker had a marriage service all his own. Before blessing the ring he tossed it three times into the air. The symbolism of this was never made clear; but one of his biographers has suggested that he meant by it to express the idea that marriage was a toss-up.

In preaching, he would read a verse or two of the lesson, and then with a pencil hanging to his buttons, would mark the place and begin to speak. He must have read his sermons occasionally, for he speaks of having given twelve manuscripts for a young boar. At another time, very anxious to secure a good crop of turnips, he sowed the garden with the ashes of burned sermons. The crop was a total failure. He attributed it to the admixture of the ashes of a few of his grandfather's sermons, they being heterodox.

His deep voice was well suited to vie with the roar of the sea, and he could talk from one farm to another. His dress was as

peculiar as his speech and manner. Black he abhorred, and the only black articles he wore were his socks. His dress was as unlike the formal habit of his brethren as he could make it, for he said, "I don't make myself look like a waiter out of place, or an unemployed undertaker." His coat was a long-tailed affair of claret color, his boots like a seaman's; for a cassock he wore a blue-knitted jersey, decorated with medallions, and with stitches to represent the piercings of the spear that wounded the side of Jesus. All this was surmounted by a brimless hat, like that of a Cossack, the hat, he said, conforming to the style of a Greek bishop.

Hawker had a more than local reputation for story-telling and repartee. During a heated political campaign, a candidate speaking at one of the meetings in Cornwall declared with vehemence, "I will never be priest-ridden!" Hawker was in the crowd, and hastily writing a few lines on a piece of paper, handed them up to the speaker. The lines were as follows:

Thou ridden! No! That shall not be,
By prophet or by priest!
Balaam is dead, and none but he
Could choose thee for his beast.

At a clerical gathering Hawker was once compelled to sit through a sermon by a Low Churchman. In the midst of the sermon, a cock crew in a nearby barnyard, whereupon Hawker nudged his neighbor and whispered, "This fellow is denying his Lord."

In his early days he was famed as a practical joker. At Bude on moonlight nights, he would swim out to the rocks and with seaweed draped around his head and falling down his back, and his legs wrapped in oil-skins, would sit combing his locks, and with his mirror flash the moonlight in the faces of the gaping crowd on the shore. The crowd continued to grow in numbers and wonder, until one night Hawker ended his performance with an unmistakable "God save the Queen!" and dived into the sea.

In 1848 Tennyson paid a visit to Morwenstow. "I hear," he said, "that there are larger waves there than on any other part of the British coast, and must go thither and be alone with God."

He cannot have been disappointed either in the magnitude of the waves or the solitude of that coast. Hawker was in some doubt as to his visitor, until he heard him quote, after seeing the Tonacombe fall over the cliffs into the sea, the line—"Falling like a broken purpose!"

As they walked along the cliffs, they talked together about the legends of King Arthur, for Tennyson was then gathering material for the "Idyls of the King." In his most ambitious poem, the "Quest of the Sangreal," Hawker traversed the ground of Tennyson's "Holy Grail." It may be that "The Sangreal" would have been better known and appreciated if Tennyson had not written on the same theme.

Hawker was highly esteemed by Longfellow and asked the assistance of Longfellow in finding a sale for his poetry in America. Although seeking Longfellow's aid, Hawker did not scruple to speak slightly of him as a poet. Writing at the time of the Trent affair, he says: "Certain it is that there is something naturally narrow and meagre in the American mind. There is not, it is said, one original book among their publications; not a single master mind as an orator or a poet (Longfellow is tuneful but mediocre) or statesman or divine. They copy England with a second rate power." The Cornish Bard would leave us less even than Sidney Smith. When we read of atrocities and barbarities in war to-day, we may temper our judgment when we recall that the same reports went forth concerning our Civil War. This is what Hawker has to say:—

"And what can equal in horror their mode of savage warfare? They offer rewards for the head of conspicuous enemies—Maury the Hydraulic Officer to wit. Their light infantry, the Zouaves, carry ropes with a running noose to hang their prisoners."

At the time of Lincoln's assassination, he wrote: "No one can fail to be shocked at the foul assassination that has made Mrs. Lincoln a widow, but in the judgment after death, it will be remembered that there are 21,000 widows in New York and that 20,000 of them were made so by the war which Lincoln himself carried on, and for which he must answer in the Great Day."

With all his eccentric ways, his crude and ignorant opinions of

things beyond the boundaries of Cornwall, his unchristian attitude towards those who differed with him in religious polity and worship, Hawker's heart was warm and the hand a man's. Over the door of the vicarage, there are cut in the stone the lines—

"A House, a Glebe, a Pound a Day;
A Pleasant Place to Watch and Pray.
Be true to Church—Be kind to Poor,
O Minister! for evermore."

Whatever he was not, Hawker was "kind to poor." As I stepped over the stone stile into the churchyard, I saw the figure-head of a ship placed upright in the ground. It was from the ship "Caledonia," wrecked on the rocks below the church, and marked the grave of the captain and some of his crew. In those days of poor lighthouse service, ships were constantly being driven on that iron-walled coast. Before Hawker's day in Morwenstow, although the wreckers were no more, the people looked upon a wreck as a piece of good fortune. Many a child in his bedside prayer at night said, "God bless father and mother, an' zenda ship to shore 'vore mornin'." But with the advent of Hawker, a new spirit arose. Much of his time was spent searching among the massive boulders along the shore for the bodies of those who had perished in the sea, and many a service did he read for the sailor-dead, as Morwenstow's bells tolled them to their resting-place, until the sea give up her dead. His "Death Song" tells how he cared for the victims of the sea,—

There lies a cold corpse upon the sands,
Down by the rolling sea;
Close up the eyes and straighten the hands,
As a Christian man's should be.

Bury it deep, for the good of my soul,
Six feet below the ground;
Let the sexton come and the death-bell toll,
And good men stand around.

Lay it among the churchyard stones,
Where the priest hath blest the clay;
I cannot leave the unburied bones,
And I fain would go my way.

In the face of the cliff below the church, Hawker built a rude shelter out of boards from the wreckage of ships. There he would sit smoking his pipe, looking out over the stormy Atlantic, and composing his songs and ballads. As years passed by, life became harder for him and the sea wrought and was tempestuous. His wife, for whom he had singular attachment, died and left him in utter loneliness. "Sangreal" was composed in the days after the death of his wife, and here and there Hawker and his sorrows speak,—*"Mid all things fierce, and wild, and strange— Alone!"* And here,—

"Ah! native Cornwall! throned upon the hills,
Thy moorland pathways worn by angels' feet,
Thy streams that march in music to the sea
'Mid Ocean's merry noise, his billowy laugh!
Ah me! A gloom falls heavy on my soul,
The birds that sang to me in youth are dead."

The lonely Vicar chose for a second wife, a young Polish woman, who bore him several daughters, and added both to his joys and his cares. When he was dying during a visit to Plymouth, in 1875, his wife called in the Roman Catholic Canon, Mansfield, and the last rites of the Roman Church were administered to him. He was buried in Plymouth. Thus Morwenstow is not the keeper of the dust of him who made her famous. When he was leaving on that final trip to Plymouth, Hawker, standing by the grave of his wife, said to his sexton, "I am very old, and am going away from home, and I do not know what may befall me. But promise me most solemnly that, should I die anywhere away from Morwenstow, you will fetch my body and lay me here beside my first wife." In striking contradiction to this wish, there has been carved on his grave in the Roman Catholic Cemetery in Plymouth the prayer of Augustine's mother, Monica: "Lay this body anywhere; be not concerned about that. The only thing I ask of you is that you make remembrance of me before the altar of the Lord wheresoever you are." About the base of the cross that stands on his grave are the words from "Sangreal," "I would not be forgotten in this land." That wish, at least, has been granted him.

On the memorial bell in the tower, there are inscribed the words from his ballad, "The Silent Tower of Bottreaux":

"Come to thy God in time,
Come to thy God at last."

Summer and winter, seedtime and harvest, the bells of Morwenstow sound out over hill and glen and cliffs, speaking like the voice of God through the mighty noise of the sea, calling men to worship and to pray, to come to God in time, to come to God at last.

The very ground with speech is fraught,
The air is eloquent of God.
In vain would doubt or mockery hide
The buried echoes of the past;
A voice of strength, a voice of pride,
Here dwells within the storm and blast.
Still points the tower, and pleads the bell;

The solemn arches breathe in stone;
Window and wall have lips to tell
The mighty faith of days unknown.
Yea! flood and breeze, and battle-shock
Shall beat upon this church in vain;
She stands a daughter of the rock,
The changeless God's eternal fane.

CLARENCE EDWARD MACARTNEY.

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LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS

The history of France during the nineteenth century presents a shifting phantasmagoria of revolutions, *coups d'état*, and short-lived governments. Four kings were made and unmade during this brief period, and on three distinct occasions the country was proclaimed a Republic. The most striking phenomenon of the age, however, was not this rapid governmental see-sawing, but rather the appearance of a group of men, who, for want of a better name, may be characterized as "literary statesmen." As a rule, men of letters confine their attempts towards the amelioration of social and political wrongs to the pages of their books. Governmental posts are, if not abhorrent to them, at least foreign to their desires. Dickens, who probably did more towards aiding his suffering fellow-countrymen of the lower classes than did even Peel or Gladstone, never aspired to civic honors. With the notable exception of Goethe and others of the Weimar circle, the same can be said of German writers, while similar conditions prevailed in France, too, until the nineteenth century. With the beginning of this epoch, however, French *littérateurs* began to cast envious glances towards the domain of politics. The government and the petty office-holder became the frequently employed theme of Balzac, Maupassant, and the other brilliant *raconteurs* of the age. The great intellects perceived and answered the demand which the French nation was making for leaders of just that stamp. Victor Hugo, whose long life and numerous activities were practically coeval with the century, is to-day recognized both as the keenest mind in the French Romantic movement and as one of the foremost statesmen of his day. Lamartine, whose opportunities after the Revolution of 1848 which dethroned Louis-Philippe, were only eclipsed in greatness by his failure; Guizot, whose star had its ascendant as well as descendant during the reign of Louis-Philippe; and later, though not lesser, lights such as Jules Simon, Gambetta, and de Rémusat; all are characteristic of the metamorphosis that had occurred in the ranks of French men of letters. But far and away

the brightest star in the realms of literary statesmanship was that shrewd diplomat and "illustrious historian" whose life and work form the subject of this article, Louis Adolphe Thiers.

Louis Adolphe Thiers was born in Marseilles, on the sixteenth of April, 1797. His father, an ex-Jacobin, had been a poor but respectable cloth-merchant, trading to the Levant, who had been forced by the counter-revolution of 1793 to flee from France in order to save his life. When the country had been restored to a state of tranquillity, he returned and took up the locksmith trade. Already a widower, he was attracted by a certain Mlle. Arnic, of Marseilles, and despite the strenuous objections of the young lady's parents, the two were married. This event caused a break in the relations of the young bride and her mother, and not until the former had given birth to Louis Adolphe, a healthy, strapping baby, were the two reconciled. The child passed part of his youth in the city of his birth, and part in a Provençal country villa, where he ran wild with the peasant boys of the vicinity. Thus he spent his earliest years developing a strong physical constitution, though displaying no signs of any marked mental precocity.

When it was time for the lad to begin his schooling, he received an appointment, through his cousin, Marie Joseph Chénier, to one of the lycées that had been established by Napoleon at Marseilles. Though he made good progress in his studies, his naturally free spirits vexed his teachers to such an extent that he came perilously near being expelled from the institution. He was saved by the arrival at the lycée of a new master, and his surplus energies were diverted to more praiseworthy channels. As he grew older, he acquired a fondness for writing out descriptions of Napoleon's most renowned battles, from the peerless general's own bulletins; in this way, he was sowing the seed of the rich historical harvest he was to reap in later years.

Though his schooling was acquired only by dint of much physical hardship, due to pecuniary disabilities, Thiers stuck nobly to his task. In the company of congenial friends, most particularly of his fellow law-student Mignet, he did not permit the horizon of his future to be clouded over by depressing

doubts. Through the aid of Mignet, too, he won his first literary success—a prize offered by a Paris commission for the best monograph on a celebrated Frenchman of the eighteenth century, and awarded to Thiers' essay on the moralist and miscellaneous writer, the Marquis de Vauvenargues (1715-1747). In the year 1829, at the age of twenty-three, he completed his law course at the college of Aix, and, after considerable difficulty, succeeded in being admitted to the Paris bar. But he felt powerfully drawn towards a career of letters, and he determined to abandon the legal profession at the earliest possible opportunity.

Thiers received his first real start in life by obtaining, through the recommendation of the far-famed Talleyrand, the position of private secretary to the Duc de Liancourt. This, however, was only a stepping-stone towards the realization of his cherished ambition of entering the field of journalism. By means of a rather surprising criticism of an art exhibit at the Salon, he attracted the attention of the editor of the *Constitutionnel*, then one of the leading Parisian journals, and was admitted to its staff. He had an inborn genius for newspaper work, and he soon earned popular notice by his clever articles in opposition to the priest party under Charles X. His friendship with Talleyrand gained him, in 1822, the principal direction of the *Constitutionnel*, which he maintained for a period of seven years. He saved money industriously, so that he might be enabled to carry out his desire of becoming an independent editor. With his former schoolmate Mignet and others, he founded the *National*, a paper antagonistic to the rule of Charles X. His activity against the reigning monarch and in the Revolution of July, 1830, which was terminated by the abdication of Charles X and the succession of Louis-Philippe, introduced Thiers into the domain of politics, for which he abandoned that of journalism.

An event which founded Thiers' literary fame and also gained him political prominence was the completion, at about this time, of his first great work, the *History of the French Revolution*. No previous French writer had dared to speak

well of any one who had taken part in the Revolution. From childhood up an ardent Bonapartist, Thiers attempted, in his history, to justify to the eyes of the world his idol and all those who had been parties to the Napoleonic schemes of world-subjugation. The work earned an almost instantaneous popularity, but has since been the target of all sorts of critical shafts, from glorification down to vilification. Carlyle's opinion runs as follows: "The work is as far as possible from meriting its high reputation, but its author is a brisk man in his way, and will tell you much if you know nothing." De Rémusat, on the other hand, said of it that it was "the first time that the history of such a period had been written with so much life and vigor." Suffice it to say that the work, though it has numerous defects, is, notwithstanding, a valuable source for reference, and remains to this day an authority on the subject of the French Revolution.

Besides being violently opposed to the rule of Charles X, Thiers was instrumental in placing Louis-Philippe, Duke of Orleans, on the French throne. He refused an offer of a ministerial portfolio from the king, preferring to serve his apprenticeship in the lower departments of governmental administration. He was elected, in 1830, to the House of Deputies by the college at Aix, and thenceforth his rise was rapid. Two years later, he became Minister of the Interior in the Soult Cabinet, in which capacity he rendered his monarch valuable assistance in several intestine crises. His fame as a writer and politician had already spread through France, so that, on the death of Andrieux in 1833 he was elected to fill the vacancy in the French Academy; on the occasion of his admission into the "Forty Immortals," he delivered a brilliant panegyric on his predecessor. His services were felt by the king to be so necessary that he was appointed Prime Minister in 1836; during the next fourteen years a fierce duel for political supremacy, with various turns of fortune, was waged between him and Louis-Philippe's favorite, Guizot.

The policies that Thiers and Guizot developed were practically antipodal. The chief bone of contention was the extent

of the royal power; Guizot was willing to grant the king an active share in the government, while Thiers, on several occasions, expressed the maxim that "The king reigns, but does not govern." The consequence of Thiers' attitude was that he did not enjoy the royal favor long. Only a few months after he had accepted the premiership, he and the king clashed on the subject of the Carlist War in Spain, and the result was Thiers' resignation from the Cabinet. For four years he absented himself from the domain of politics, traveling and observing extensively. Upon his return to France, he commenced almost immediately a campaign of parliamentary opposition, which succeeded in making him, for the second time, president of the Council, and also Minister for Foreign Affairs. Again he was doomed to a speedy downfall, and again he was forced to bow to the supremacy of his rival.

The cause of this second defeat of Thiers was the Turkish question, which at that time was producing frequent qualms of anxiety among the great Powers of Europe. Mehemet Ali, by defeating his master, the Sultan Mahmud II, had become master of Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, though nominally a vassal to Mahmud's successor, the youthful Abd-ul-Mejid. The European nations, with the exception of France, desired to limit Mehemet's power, while Guizot claimed for him the pashalik of Egypt. Thiers, on assuming the foreign ministry, even went further, and demanded for him the government of Syria, in addition. He carried on negotiations with Ali which seemed to prove to the British Government, which was especially hostile to the Mussulman, that he was attempting to effect a settlement in accordance with French views. This apparently underhand action forced the Powers into a treaty, by which certain terms were offered to Mehemet, a refusal of which would bring about armed intervention on behalf of the Sultan. This treaty caused immediate excitement in France; Thiers clamored for war with England, and even the peaceful Louis-Philippe was for a moment carried away by the jingoistic ardor. The actual appearance of armed assistance from the Powers soon reduced Mehemet's position, and the French passion gradually began to cool.

Thiers' continuous demands for war were ignored by the king, the consequence being that the foreign minister's resignation was received and accepted, and a new cabinet formed. Guizot, as foreign secretary, joined with Lord Palmerston, who held that post in the English ministry, and the Turco-Egyptian question was settled to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Once again Thiers consigned himself to political oblivion. He had married, in 1834, a Mlle. Dosne, a beautiful young "pension" girl, who had brought him a considerable dowry. Though their union was blessed by the birth of only one child, a daughter, who died at an early age, it was comparatively tranquil and happy. Mme. Thiers was an accomplished woman, a charming hostess, a careful house-keeper. But she is of particular interest to us through the fact that her linguistic proficiency was of invaluable assistance to her husband in the work on which he was occupied during his second retirement, namely, his *History of the Consulate and the Empire*. Her knowledge of English and German enabled her to translate for her husband documents needed by him in the compilation of this, his second great historical undertaking. The *Histoire* was a colossal enterprise, involving the most diligent and minute documentary studies. Its twenty volumes appeared at irregular intervals between the years 1845 and 1861. The vast inquiry into the origins of modern France which this composition necessitated broadened Thiers' views and judgments, and removed the deep-seated prejudices which are so apparent in his history of the Revolution. His work became more detailed, while in character-drawing, as evinced particularly by his portrait of Napoleon I, he proved himself a master. His second historical production is noteworthy for the simplicity and clearness with which events are described, and for its faithful and intelligent representation of the administration of public affairs. It was considered by many the "most magnificent monument of contemporary French literature," and was properly consecrated by the Academy.

When he had remained in his retreat for six years, Thiers decided to reënter public life. But while making a renewed

bid for power, he observed that Louis-Philippe's star was fast waning. On the precipitation of a crisis, Guizot and his Cabinet resigned, and the panic-stricken king offered the prime ministry to Thiers, who respectfully waived the honor. He perceived the anti-monarchical inclinations of the proletariat, and the best he could do was to assist in the rescue of a king who had never shown a true appreciation of the faithful services his subject had rendered him. Scarcely had Louis-Philippe been got out of Paris, after the short but bloody Revolution of 1848, when Lamartine, in the name of the Provisional Government, formally inaugurated the Second French Republic. After a sharp contest between Republicans and Monarchists, the latter party succeeded in having its candidate, Louis-Napoleon, elected president of the new government.

If Thiers had been one of the chief actors of Louis-Philippe's official circle, he was merely an understudy during the larger part of Louis-Napoleon's principate. When, after a four years' presidency, Louis-Napoleon carried out the daring *coup d'état* of 1852, which put him on the throne as Napoleon III, Thiers, together with the other anti-monarchical deputies, was thrown into the gloomy prison at Mazas. He was soon removed from confinement, but, as compensation, was banished from the country. The year of his exile, which he spent in Continental travel, was ended by a general amnesty which gave permission to all to return to their native country.

On regaining Paris, Thiers found that he was *persona non grata* in political circles. Consequently, he entered a third period of seclusion, during which he did most of the work on his second historical composition, already discussed. Besides, he spent considerable time in the study of foreign literature and scientific researches. His evenings he gave up to the brilliant social intercourse of the gay French capital. For eleven years he played the rôles of social lion and dilettante with admirable success; his *salon* was one of the most popular in upper diplomatic circles.

At last, in 1863, Thiers was afforded the opportunity of resuming his political activities through his election by a Paris constituency to the House of Deputies. For seven years he re-

mained the leader and mouthpiece of a small band of anti-Imperialists in the Chamber, and was regarded as "the most formidable enemy of the Empire." His return to politics was hailed with joyful acclamations by all sections of the country, which was cowering under the mailed glove of the despotic Emperor. He conducted a campaign of criticism and reproach which fairly shook the Empire; the wily old politician styled the government "a monarchy kneeling to the democracy." The outcome of the Seven Weeks' War of 1866, which gave to Prussia the hegemony of the German states under the able rulership of William I and his chancellor, Bismarck, brought about Thiers' rapid recognition as the sole personage capable of coping with the situation.

Thiers bent all his energies towards evading a Prussian war, at least until his country should be in a position to risk such a costly and debilitating enterprise. To strengthen France, he sought to have the emperor contract foreign alliances and prepare an army worthy of the prospective foe, but, in the face of a hostile ministry, it was impossible for him to persuade Louis-Napoleon of the unpreparedness of the nation. He openly lamented the fact that, in trying to maintain peace, "he was fulfilling the most painful duty of his life." When everyone desired the outbreak of hostilities, and the mob was shouting "To Berlin," Thiers' pacifist policy was the only pleasing note in the hoarse cacophony, but it brought him to the verge of political disaster. The leader of the war party, Léon Gambetta, occupied towards Thiers the same relative position that Guizot had held during the reign of Louis-Philippe. And even when Prussian aggression made the war inevitable, Thiers did not abandon his pacific attitude, but directed his attention towards obtaining an honorable cessation of hostilities on the earliest possible occasion.

The slaughter of the French at Metz and the capitulation of the entire army at Sedan struck the death-knell of Louis-Napoleon's untimely ambitions; in his despair, he saw that the only alternative was abdication. For the third time within a century the French Government substituted democracy for monarchy.

On the 4th of September, 1870, a provisional Republic was established, upon which developed the duty of continuing the conflict with Prussia. But as the German arms had won such signal successes, there seemed little hope for the triumph of France. In this moment of urgency, the government again looked to Thiers as the man of the hour. At its behest, an armistice of two months was spent by him in a diplomatic tour of the European capitals, for the purpose of enlisting the aid of the Powers in the French cause. He met with a kind reception everywhere, but found the nations unwilling to declare for either of the belligerents, and, accordingly, he retraced his steps homeward, without having accomplished anything. His reëntury into his native land was anything but encouraging. He saw that the people had been inflamed by Gambetta during his absence, and were clamoring for a renewal of the war. With the greatest difficulty he reached Paris, where he accomplished the most unpleasant task of persuading the Assembly to consent to a lengthening of the armistice.

The National Assembly, which had been driven by the imminence of danger from Paris to Bordeaux in southern France, proclaimed a general election of deputies. The result of this election was decisive. Because of his undisguised interest in the national welfare, Thiers was returned to the Assembly as the representative of twenty-one governmental departments. For more than twenty years he had almost invariably been on the right side in administrative disputes, and he was now rewarded by the confidence of all parties. When, at the first session of the new Assembly, the business of electing a National President arose, there was no doubt as to the choice of the nation. In the words of M. de Meaux: "Thiers was inevitable." In this nerve-racking period of uncertainty, he was universally recognized as the only pilot able to steer the ship of state past the shoals of poverty and distress to the haven of peace and prosperity. All political differences were cast to the winds, and Thiers was elected, practically unanimously, the First President of the Third French Republic. His official title was "Chief of the Executive Power of the French Republic." He was now the head of a

legal polity; he wielded immense authority, as the words "M. Thiers wants it so" spoken at Bordeaux, or later at Versailles, were sufficient to bring into line all the opponents of any measure he desired to have put on the statute books.

Just how Thiers stood on the matter of the ultimate form of the French Government caused all parties considerable perplexity. The Republicans were confident that he was their leader, and were strengthened in this belief by his assertion, on ascending the presidential chair, that he would make a "loyal experiment in republican government." The Monarchists, on the other hand, were equally confident that as soon as he had extricated the country from the entanglements ensuing from the still untermiated war, Thiers would step aside, and allow the rightful heir to ascend the throne. The president was too sagacious to make these Royalists his enemies, so that for a time, he was compelled to maintain a rather ambiguous attitude.

Approximately three months after his election, Thiers was forced, by the ceaseless heckling of the three monarchical parties, to explain his position. He did this in a vigorous speech, delivered before the Assembly on February 19, 1871; he drew a vivid picture of the country's pitiful condition, and urged all, Royalists and Republicans alike, to combine in carrying through his programme of "pacifying, reorganizing, restoring credit, and reviving work, so as to place the nation on a sound financial basis." And then he came out with his celebrated dictum, now termed the "Bordeaux compact: "After credit has been restored and prosperity reestablished, then and then only, will it be time to think of the form of government to be imposed upon the nation. All parties must drop their differences and consolidate upon the arduous task of procuring happiness and general welfare."

As he himself indicated, Thiers' task, upon entering office, was three-fold: he had, first of all, to conclude a satisfactory peace with Prussia; he had to repair the country's financial state; and he had to give his people a permanent and durable form of government. He was pledged to the peace party, and, as "first citizen of the land," he was given power to treat for terms with

the greatest diplomat of the age, Prince von Bismarck. The struggle was heart-rending. The two intermediaries met in Paris, and peace negotiations were opened at once. The terms, as presented by Prussia, included the following items: The surrender of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine and the city of Metz, and the payment of the immense indemnity of six milliards of francs. Thiers was indignant at the enormity of these considerations, and pleaded, almost tearfully, with the German Emperor and his Chancellor, to diminish the ransom and to allow France to retain Metz and Belfort. His fervent appeal was effective: the indemnity was reduced to five milliards and Belfort remained French territory. The preliminary peace was signed by Thiers and Favre for France and by Bismarck for Prussia. The Chief Executive then repaired to Bordeaux where, after a spirited struggle, he obtained the ratification of the treaty by a vote of 546 to 107.

The second of Thiers' great tasks was the restoration of prosperity. This was made especially difficult by the fact that the huge indemnity had to be collected, in large part, from direct taxes upon the already fearfully impoverished people. But the nation responded nobly and willingly. During Thiers' administration, France enjoyed an era of unexampled happiness and prosperity. The harvests were rich, commerce flourished, and the nation, rising phoenix-like from the ashes of a calamitous war, soon recovered its former rank among the world powers. The installments of the indemnity were paid off in an incredibly short time, so that on March 18, 1873, only a little more than a year after the signing of the preliminary peace, Thiers could announce in the Assembly that the final convention had been drawn up in Berlin, that all German troops had evacuated the country, and that France's liberation from alien intrusion was now a *fait accompli*. In recognition of his loyal services, the Assembly had, towards the end of the year 1872, conferred upon him the title of "President of the French Republic," for a term of seven years, thus putting an end to the provisional circumstances under which he had hitherto held his office.

This honor, however, soon produced in the ranks of the

Monarchists the feeling that Thiers was determined to make a republic of France. During the process of national reconstruction, they gave the president his way in whatever he wanted. But after the peace treaty had been successfully negotiated and the country was on the road to prosperity once more, they began a steady attack upon the Chief Magistrate and his most intimate ministers. The time for hedging was soon at an end. The Assembly and the people were desirous of establishing a permanent form of government by drawing up a constitution. Although the Monarchists possessed a large majority in the Assembly, Thiers felt that the electorate would support him to a man. As a consequence, he threw off his mask, and came out unreservedly, in a presidential message of November, 1872, for the continuance of the "Conservative Republic." The message aroused wild tumult in the Chamber. The anti-Republican deputies turned against the president, and it was only by means of his ever-ready tool, the threat to resign, that he carried the day. For four months the debate waxed hotter and hotter, until it became evident to all that Thiers was steadily losing ground. The Monarchists, forgetting the benefits the country had gleaned during Thiers' wise guidance, and without a definite candidate in view for the throne of the Bonapartes, determined that the President must go. "Thiers' services, the superhuman tasks he had just accomplished—all this was at once admitted and omitted." The immense power that he had been wielding was the cause of his downfall, as the Royalists had decided that the country had had enough of his tyranny. On a decisive motion, placed before the Assembly on May 24, 1873, Thiers was overwhelmingly outvoted; the Cabinet surrendered its portfolios, the President tendered his resignation and those of his ministers, and the man who had occupied the public eye for fifty years was definitively and irreparably defeated. He had, however, attained his most ardent wish; in the absence of a suitable successor to the throne, Monarchists and Republicans united in electing Marshall MacMahon, one of the central figures of the Franco-Prussian war, president of the French Republic. Though Thiers had to retire from active service, he had the satisfaction of knowing

that his country had remained, and probably would remain throughout future generations, a conservative democracy.

After a short Continental tour, during the course of which he was everywhere greeted with a reception almost regal in its lavishness, Thiers retired into privacy. The last four years of his life were spent in recovering his valuable collections, large parts of which had been lost during the turbulent days of the Paris Commune, in 1870, and in diligent reading. He retained his faculties to the last; nor did he ever lose much of that keen vigor which marked his most active days. His last literary work was a brochure in defence of the republican form of government. On September 3, 1877, while surrounded by the tender care of his wife and his sister-in-law, Mlle. Félicie Dosne, who later compiled and published Thiers' *Notes et Souvenirs*, he was suddenly stricken with apoplexy, and passed away peacefully. Although his wife refused the Assembly's offer of a public funeral, the last rites over his body were properly impressive, and almost all Paris followed the cortège to the cemetery. Thus departed the most famous of nineteenth-century literary statesmen, one of the most Gallic of Frenchmen—a man who should be classed in a category with such leading spirits as Henri Quatre, Rabelais, Molière, Voltaire, and Napoleon.

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SOME THOUGHTS ON DEMOCRACY

I have sought without much success for a satisfying definition of Democracy. It was with pleasure, then, that I read and appropriated the one given in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1915 (State Against Commonwealth, p. 281): "Democracy, like Christianity, stands or falls by a faith in the actual imperfections and the infinite worth of individual men." To this I would add—and an abiding sense of individual responsibility.

This comes from a sympathetic and understanding heart and is no mere dealing with words. Therefore it fills the need I have felt and I can gather my thoughts around it. Definitions are usually held to be very prosaic and tiresome and are justly so considered where they consist of verbiage alone and are not felt. There is no progress in science or human knowledge of any kind, however, without satisfactory definitions. The idea sought to be conveyed and clung to is vague and misty. Mistakes creep in and true knowledge suffers.

Democracy and Christianity are, at the time of this world upheaval, the subjects of much criticism and of some despair on the part of their supporters, and this is chiefly for lack of deeply felt definition and understanding. The same is often true of science. A few years ago a number of chemists seemed ready to give up the foundation-stone of their building because of the marvelous discoveries of radio-activity. This came from a lack of clear understanding of the definition of a theory in general and the atomic theory in particular.

There have been many definitions of Democracy and conceptions as to its essential elements, and men have struggled over them, committing crimes and working injustice in its name. This has also been the history of Christianity. If men had always held to the belief in the infinite worth of the individual and because of that belief had shown a tolerance and forgiveness for the imperfections, how differently history would read and how much less of "man's inhumanity to man" should we have to mourn! And yet no doctrines are more insisted upon by the Master. Until these lessons are learned there is scant trust to

be reposed in either Democracy or Christianity for the healing of the nations.

The great revolution, sweeping more than a century ago through France and all of Europe and reaching even our own shores, sought to establish the Rights of Man, and men dreamed that these rights were summed up in the cry for "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité." Poor Philippe Egalité was but typical of the misunderstanding, and yet humanity, blindly groping for its God, has constantly followed this gleam of Egalité as its guiding star.

Are we justified in thinking that in their declaration that all men are born free and equal our forefathers saw more clearly than the French? In one sense this declaration is an obvious untruth, as Mr. Lindsay points out, and for many years I have seen only the surface falsity of it. In one sense men are born anything but free and equal. From the swaddling clothes of the babe to the constitutional limitations of the man we are certainly far from free, at least to do as we please, and the inequality needs no argument. And yet within the prescribed paths of justice, right, and unselfish love we are as free as air and apart from fortuitous gifts, the talents of the parable, we are all equal and held to an equal responsibility. The infinite knows no degrees, and the true Ego lies at the bottom of all these things, and it alone, has infinite worth. Perhaps those who drew up our American Magna Charta saw as through a glass darkly the great truths of which they wrote. We can see more clearly, and they are our imperishable heritage. Let us understand and make them our own.

In thinking and speaking of Democracy and putting it into practice it is usual to take a partial view, the same which was emphasized in the beginnings of the French Revolution. It can readily be seen that such a view covers the least important element and one which cannot precede but may follow as a consequence of the faithful acceptance of the great principles. So, in our somewhat futile striving for Democracy, the fundamental ideas have commonly been lost sight of and the temporary, non-essential inequalities have been emphasized because they irked the most. For instance, it would seem absurd to stress the matter

of clothes, and yet this has had its influence always and has been made a part of the creed of great movements. Witness various sects and the "turning plain" of those who would adhere to their faith. And yet it is a part of human nature and must be reckoned with.

Our philosopher Teufelsdröckh reasons quite cogently thereon: "First, that man is a spirit and bound by invisible bonds to all men; secondly, that he wears clothes, which are the visible emblems of that fact." And so, "Red says to Blue, 'Be hanged and anatomized,' and Blue marches sorrowfully to the gallows."

It is very evident that there must be inequalities—differences, let us call them—of dress, manners, speech, intellect, character. If the leveling of these is essential to Democracy, then is the matter indeed hopeless and Democracy, after all, not very desirable.

We prate loudly of a democratic spirit in an educational institution. Sometimes we would bring it about by uniform clothing, or a common dining-hall, or by some arbitrary mixing up in the dormitories. We have "get-together" movements in churches and village communities with a due sense of condescension on the part of some and of hopeful climbing on the part of others. And yet the matter cannot be so easily attained. Doubtless such gatherings have their uses. I would do nothing to discourage them. I imagine, however, that little of permanent satisfaction is to be derived from them and that they have as little effect on the bringing in of Democracy as once-a-week Christians have on Christianity.

It may be just as effective to eat with a knife as with a fork. A more real Democracy existed when fingers alone were relied on. But, after all is said and done, the one who uses the fork in transferring food to the mouth considers himself the gentleman and regards as a boor the one who uses the knife. The distinction between Red and Blue is even graver than the matter of clothes. And so in the matter of manners or of speech. It is quite impossible to derive the same pleasure or profit from the conversation of one who murders our good American language as from that of one who uses it correctly. Tricks of

speech and of manners will continue to decide the circles into which churches and communities are divided. If education does away with these, then fresh ones will be devised, for man will continue to exercise his inalienable right of selecting his own associates and friends. If the cleavage is not along these artificial, insignificant lines, then it will come along the truer lines of tastes and purposes and character which make up congeniality and uncongeniality, likes and dislikes. Our very human limitations make smaller eddies in the great flood inevitable and indispensable.

To seek for Democracy by such scratching of the superficialities is but child's play. Yet Democracy is eminently worth striving for—in fact, the true goal of all our striving, in spite of the pathetic hopes of those who would place their reliance in the deified State. How, then, is it to be gained?

We must go back to the definition. The recognition of the infinite worth of the individual lies at the bottom of it all. The injustice and crimes of capital, labor, and society in general are due in part to the lack of any true belief in this. If it is made a cardinal point of our creed, then the efforts to develop the individual and help him make the most of himself will redouble. That is the high ideal at the basis of our system of public education if we do but understand it aright. Not the training of the few to give them the advantage over the many, not the training of leaders solely, not the training of the many that they may become efficient parts of the machine, but the equal opportunity for all to grow into full and perfect manhood and render such service as may be possible. And education is a big, broad term and covers far more than the training of hand and mind, which, in itself, is no panacea for the ills of mankind though often rated as such. To the Greek it meant training in self-mastery, and no higher nor more comprehensive definition has ever been given. Such self-mastery alone can bless humanity.

There has been much criticism of our educational system, and especially the higher institutions, in recent years and some of it is justified. Owing to this criticism in part, but much more to a genuine desire for excelling, many changes have been brought about. Quite possible all of them have not been for the better,

for wisdom in such matters is a slow and painful acquisition. Men still fall into the old error of mistaking *vox populi* for *vox dei* and give the people what they want rather than what they should have. But, in the main, the college of to-day is stronger, higher, and truer to its great purposes than ever before. And, contrary to the opinion of some, the American college has drawn further away from the German pattern, if it ever was strongly influenced by it. The most striking growth and that of the utmost importance has been in the direction of true Democracy. Surely, nothing can be more necessary in the training of the youth of a land where "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" are supposed to be assured by democratic institutions.

Serious importance can scarcely be attached to attempts at eliminating cliques, fraternities, and exclusive snobbishness on the part of students. These are more or less childish ebullitions and have their dangers rather for those who indulge in them than for the mass. After all, stern treatment of them is much like the forbidding of titles by our organic law and springs from the French Revolution conception of equality as the sum and substance of Democracy. Do not American citizens in multitudes wear the honorary titles of judge, colonel, professor, boss, etc., sometimes given in affection and sometimes in ridicule? There is a story of a man upon whom the conferring of an honorary title seemed imminent who gave notice that he was too big to deserve it and too proud to wear it. Is there not here the opportunity for the cultivation of a little healthy personal pride? Need one feel hurt or slighted at not being chosen for an intimate friend? At least he is at liberty to choose his own associates and form his own friendships. Why should I be troubled over the fact that Mr. Jones does not invite me to dine with him? Either, the loss is his, since he will not hear my choice anecdotes nor enjoy my delectable "line of conversation"; or, if my qualifications as a guest are below par and there is really no loss to Mr. Jones, then no amount of chagrin on my part will mend the matter. It is for me to make my company something that cannot well be spared. And this is possible for even the humblest of us.

In our quiet little village, a few years ago, there were no Sun-

day trains. The colored barber owned a buggy and an old white horse, and in his Sunday leisure commonly conveyed marooned strangers to a town some twelve miles distant where they might catch a train.

"Tom," said I on a Friday morning, "Max O'Rell will be here to-morrow night to lecture. You will have to take him over to the train on Sunday morning. And remember, Tom, he is a Frenchman, so you will have to brush up your French."

Now, like all darkies, Tom dearly loved to gossip and especially to try out his big words on the chance stranger. His face dropped at the prospect of a two-hours' drive with one who might as well be dumb so far as conversational entertainment was concerned. But he was game and undertook the job.

Some days later I met him and asked how he liked talking French with Max O'Rell. His face beamed as he replied:

"Why, boss, I didn't have to speak no French. De gemmun could talk English jes' as good as I could, and when we got over dar he giv' me half a dollar for de pleasure ob my conversation."

What a 'democratic' titbit it must have been for Max O'Rell! I am sure Tom would have figured in his next book if Max had lived much longer. Tom told me afterwards that his discourse had been on "de footprints ob de fust five centuries," which I found was the title of a subscription book some peddler had sold him and which he found choice fishing ground for the imposing words he loved so much.

But there has been a more real growth in Democracy in the schools in several other ways, and this has been in some sort a recognition of the infinite worth of the individual and a deeper sense of individual responsibility. Responsibility of the individual is the one addition I would make to the definition cited at the outset. Without it there is a fatal incompleteness and it can scarcely be claimed as implied. The infinite worth is recognized, the imperfections are noted, but there is both an individual and a community responsibility for these imperfections. "Bear ye one another's burdens," says Paul, the lawyer and Christian leader, and almost in the same breath, "Every man shall bear his own burdens."

There is just now a quiet but astonishing growth on the part

of many colleges in our land in their efforts to conserve and develop the potentialities of the young lives committed to their care. In the past for years the plan, if there was a plan, has seemed to be a counter-part of that in European institutions of letting the strong swimmer survive of those cast in the pool and the rest sink if they could do no better. And the waters were often pitifully beyond their depth.

That these weak swimmers have their value also and may possibly be saved might be classed as one of our modern discoveries. The fuller meaning of the phrases "greatest good to the largest number" and "equal opportunity for every one" has been borne in upon these college faculties and they are devoting much thought and energy to the problems involved, and with some success.

Again, the altruism of service, the practical application of the parable of the talents, is being vigorously urged. "It is not what you get out of life but what you put into it that counts," says one distinguished university president. Perhaps the phenomenal increase in the number of men trained at the expense of the State has much to do with the widespread feeling of obligation to be in truth light-bearers who shall light the torches of others. It is a quiet work and, as is proper, has been going on largely without observation, yet the sum total of it would, if we did but know it, bring fresh hope for our Democracy.

Then there is the student government movement which is sweeping through our colleges. Surely the best training for young democrats who are to govern themselves and others in after life is to begin this under the hands of those who are older and wiser and who can advise, encourage, help. The so-called honor system, which is often a part of this student government, is, when properly administered and freed from abuses, a splendid lesson in individual responsibility.

There is still too little instruction given in the duties and privileges of citizenship, but this is being rapidly remedied. I wish it might be followed up after leaving college by instruction given through the great political parties as is done in Switzerland, but one can hope for slight aid from that source in the present condition of self-seeking and mendacity of our parties.

The "patience of hope and the labor of love" is the old cry of Christianity. The same divine qualities are called for in the development of Democracy which shall free the individual and bring us to a true conception of equality.

As to this equality, Mr. Lindsay says: "The democratic belief in equality has two sides: It is, firstly, a belief that no man, however superior he may be, is good enough or wise enough to possess irresponsible rule over other men. And, secondly, a belief that, however men may differ in character or ability, every man has an absolute worth and should not be used as a means for any purpose, no matter how exalted. A man may sacrifice himself for others or for a cause but others have no right to sacrifice him."

"Wondrous," says Carlyle,—crabbed philosopher but far-sighted prophet,—"wondrous, that in the huge mass of Evil, as it rolls and swells, there is ever some Good working imprisoned; working towards deliverance and triumph."

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SIR SIDNEY LEE'S LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE*

Many of the title pages and publishers' announcements of Elizabethan times with which Sir Sidney Lee has to deal in his new "Life of Shakespeare" are notoriously and purposely delusive; this is by no means the case in the present publication, for he and the publishers have given us a real new edition of the work which, when it first appeared in 1898, set a new standard in biographies of the great dramatist.

A mere comparison in gross of the two publications will show how great has been the change. The first edition filled 476 pages, the present one fills 758. The first edition counted twenty-one chapters and ten appendices, the present has twenty-seven, and ten appendices. But an examination of the volume will show far more conclusively the nature and extent of the changes. Thus it will be found that incidents in Chapters IV and V of the old edition have assumed such importance that they justify separate chapters, on the migration to London, and on Shakespeare and the actors. Of some points in these chapters we shall have a word to say later; for the present, we note that one separate title for a chapter (on the supposed story of intrigue in the Sonnets) has disappeared; but on the other hand the chapter on the "practical affairs of life" has been divided into two, one bearing the old heading and one "financial resources"; while a similar process has made two chapters each out of the chapters on bibliography and on Shakespeare's posthumous reputation. If we allow for the one case in which matter formerly presented in a separate chapter has been merged with other matter, there are seven new chapters. In passing, we may remark that "the supposed story of intrigue in the Sonnets" has disappeared as a title because, probably, of Sir Sidney's well-understood views about the Sonnets and his desire to minimize even the visual importance of the theory of "intrigue."

* *A Life of William Shakespeare.* By Sir Sidney Lee. With Portraits and Facsimiles. Rewritten and enlarged. Pp. xxix+758; Index. New York: Macmillan Co., 1916. Price \$2.00.

Again speaking in general terms, we find that the greater bulk of the present volume is due to very notable expansion of the treatment of certain kinds of material, as well as the actual accretion of fact directly or incidentally concerning Shakespeare. Thus it will be found that the author has abandoned the plan of the earlier volume, which permitted but brief notices of the plays with little comment on the dramatic quality and method. Taking plays at random, *Titus* formerly got but one page, where it now (pp. 130-132) has three; and *Hamlet* formerly had a scant five, as against thirteen (pp. 353-365). Not much of this sort of addition may be accounted really new, for the author presents a digest of what may be found in the best critical editions of the separate plays. In the strictest sense, this sort of commentary upon the texts, sources, and characters of the plays has but little bearing upon the facts of Shakespeare's life—indeed, in the general preface to the new "Tudor" edition of the plays, called *The Facts About Shakespeare*, such material is generally eliminated. But considering the usefulness of such a book as Lee's *Shakespeare* to the student and to the reader who would be well informed, the author has done well to include such a discussion of each play as may well serve all needs. In these expanded comments upon the plays, there is, in my opinion, little mere criticism of the brilliant but generally futile sort; there is no attempt to develop any merely personal opinions as to the date of a particular play or the authority of a particular quarto; but a conservative and thorough review of the best scholarship, with ample recognition of such divergent opinions as warrant it.

This is as it should be. For such additions as have been made to our knowledge of Shakespeare and his times have not, so far as I am aware, made it wise or necessary to propose any material alterations in the dating of the plays, or in the statement of essential facts about the sources or the authenticity. Yet where new information has become available, it has been used: thus, in discussing *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the first edition says (p. 52): "There is every likelihood that it was an adaptation . . . of a lost 'History of Felix and Philomena,' which had been acted at court in 1584"; and the new

edition says (p. 107), "Shakespeare had clearly studied 'The pleasant and fine conceited Comedie of Two Italian Gentlemen,' which was issued anonymously in London in 1584," and a footnote gives ample information about the *Fidele and Fortunio*, edited by Greg in 1910, and the *Fidele* or *Victoria*, edited by Smith in 1906.

It is but natural that one should look for something new upon a point that happens to interest one; therefore I turn to *Titus*—only to be disappointed; for Sir Sidney in 1916 has about the same opinion that Mr. Lee had in 1898, viz., "Shakespeare's hand is only visible in detached embellishments" (p. 131). Yet Sir Sidney has quoted two lines from this play (p. 34, "which was not so before," see *ed. prin.*, p. 27), to reinforce the credibility of the poaching incident; and the index does not record this quotation from *Titus*. I have selected this play because it is, perhaps, an extreme example, barring *Pericles*, of those commonly ascribed to Shakespeare and yet treated as semi-spurious by the critics—though they reluctantly confess that Meres includes it in his list and that the First Folio also includes it. If we are to allow our modern taste to determine, we may unhesitatingly discard *Titus*. But I submit that this play, doubtless like other plays in having been refashioned for his company by Shakespeare, reflects the Shakespeare of 1594 quite as truly as the second quarto of *Hamlet* reflects the Shakespeare of 1604. That is, *Titus* was the result of the vogue of the Kyd style of "thriller"; the young playwright whose amazing versatility was to prove him capable of doing a play in the style of Marlowe or in the style of Lyly, here sought to supply his company with a bloodier and better horror than the rival "Admiral's men" could show. In blood, in intensity of revenge, in melodramatic arrangement of the *dénouement*, the youthful author outdoes the *Spanish Tragedy*, even as the same author's Richard III outdoes Tamburlaine in those famous scenes where each woos and wins in spite of all normal sense. That the Shakespeare of 1594, when imitating or adapting another's work, does not show the same glorious independence as the mature Shakespeare, this should go without saying. But I should not like to meet a challenge to point out particular passages of *Titus* that

are manifestly not by Shakespeare, for I doubt if it could be met.

This digression has but one excuse, we were tempted and we fell; yet it will serve to show that Sir Sidney has remained, in this as in other cases, a conservative. To return directly to our subject, it will be found that the chapter discussing Shakespeare's development in dramatic power has been expanded from 24 to 43 pages; that on the maturity of his genius, from 28 to 49 pages; that on the highest themes of tragedy, from 13 to 30 pages. But aside from the additions occasioned by this, there is a notable increase, from 16 to 55 pages, in the chapter on the close of Shakespeare's life. The new matter here, chiefly in the way of detailed accounts of the Combe family and other Stratford associates, seems to me of less value. Much genealogical and archæological information has been patiently raked together, chiefly from Stratford and Warwickshire archives; but from the great heap one can pick out very few items of real interest about Shakespeare. It would seem that the winnowing of so much of what one cannot regard as better than chaff is of little profit, and that the author would have done better to confine himself here to a succinct statement of the points that serve to show how Shakespeare in his retirement became an active man of affairs interested in private and in public business at Stratford.

But the most interesting and significant parts of the new work are in those fields where recent scholarship has labored with greatest persistence and with most definite result. In chapters V and VI, discussing Shakespeare and the actors, and the actual conditions of drama on the London stage, we have a valuable addition to the biography. Not only have the many important works of recent years—such as those of Wallace, Murray, Lawrence, Reynolds, Albright, Archer, Feuillerat, Wegener, and Mrs. Stopes—been carefully studied for the preparation of these chapters, but in not a few cases other data have been added from the author's own research. Through the work of such scholars, our actual knowledge of all practical details about the Elizabethan actor and the staging of plays has been so greatly improved that it may be said to have been completely made over. In a book of this kind it is not fair to expect a

complete treatise on the stage; and yet it is hardly too much to say that we have that in these chapters; for though Sir Sidney does not commit himself upon minor technical points in which Albright, for example, may differ from Wegener, he gives a sound and sufficient statement upon essential points. Pages of elaborate and most interesting detail, substantiated by references to the plays of the time, take the place of such a bare statement as that in the first edition, which is now known to be hardly correct at all: "Neither scenery nor scenic costume . . . [was] known to the Elizabethan stage," says the first edition (p. 38); we now find (p. 69): "Scenery, properties and costume [at Court performances] were of rich and elaborate design, and the common notion that austere simplicity was a universal characteristic of dramatic production through Shakespeare's lifetime needs some radical modification."

In the matter of the details now added to our knowledge of Shakespeare's dwelling place in London, the author seems determined to cling at all hazards to his former opinion, that Shakespeare lived in Southwark. At most, he seems to admit that in 1604 Shakespeare "lay in the house of Christopher Montjoy . . . in Silver Street, near Wood Street, Cheapside" (p. 276). His whole discussion of Dr. Wallace's claims at this point seems studiously to avoid even the use of any term, such as *dwelt*, that would imply any considerable stay in Silver Street. Frankly, this seems to me excessive caution. For while we may admit to the full the probability that the player lived near the playhouse in Southwark, the plain language in the famous bit of testimony unearthed by Dr. Wallace justifies the conclusion that Shakespeare not only "lay" but lived for some time at Montjoy's house. In the light of this one solid statement of where the dramatist lived, to cling to the vague evidence for a residence in Southwark is truly as if "incertainties now crown themselves assured."

Less grudging is the recognition given to the work of Mr. Ernest Law, whose conclusions based upon his study of Shakespeare as a groom of the chamber, and upon the unjustly suspected Revels accounts, are very properly used in the text, though not all of them are correctly recorded in the references

of the index. It may be proper here to note that the volume is excellently printed, and that the index, though deficient in some instances, is unusually good. To the facsimiles are added the newly discovered signature upon the deposition in the Bellott-Montjoy suit, and Jaggard's inscription in a copy of the First Folio.

On the whole, there has been no notable change in the discussion of the Sonnet-Southampton-Herbert question. Many slight additions have been made, generally tending to strengthen the position sustained by the author, and in some cases considerable additions occur, as where Sir Sidney incorporates from his own work fuller illustration of the poet's debt to Ovid. The pages dealing with the puzzling "Willobie his Avisia" have been rewritten (pp. 219-221), apparently because of some slight errors in the earlier edition, and because the author now seems more uncertain about rejecting the inferences that may be quite legitimately drawn from the tale, though he properly scouts the fanciful deductions of Mr. Acheson in regard to the identity of the "dark lady" with the wife of John Davenant.

I cannot more properly close this chat about a most interesting and important book—whose many tempting passages would lead me to endless digression—than by expressing my conviction that the author is in the main quite right about the Sonnets. Whether or not he is right in his guess at the identity of "Mr. W. H.," we shall probably never know. But we should know with certainty that "Mr. W. H." was not the Earl of Pembroke, and the greater part of the Sonnets are no more truly autobiographical than are the "Idea" sonnets of Drayton. As for the fascinating story which the Sonnets undoubtedly set forth, involving a conflict between love and friendship, it has always seemed to me quite sufficient to note that this is the basis of an early play, the *Two Gentlemen*; that in this play the true instinct of the dramatist told him the theoretical, fanciful outcome according to which the hero magnanimously gives up his lady-love to his friend, would never satisfy an audience, though it might delight a Euphuistic casuist, and hence in the play he botched up a conventional ending, in which "every Jack gets his Jill"; that, accordingly, in the Sonnets, he is

playing with an idea for a dramatic situation, a situation which those unaware of the deep truth which should underlie drama might think good for a play, but which the born dramatist knows to be impossible. This situation, with some modifications, is set forth by Browning in "A Light Woman," the last stanza of which expresses the conviction that here is a subject fit for a play : it would have been fit for a Browning play, for a play of the abnormal. But the crowning wonder of our great dramatist is that, even in the fierce competition of an age when others used any and all means to stir emotions, the fundamental principles in his dramas are of that lasting human quality that alone can assure permanence.

PIERCE BUTLER.

Newcomb College.

THE LETTERS OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON*

A goodly heritage and a lot fallen in a fair ground were those given to Charles Eliot Norton, whose life, delightfully revealed in the *Letters* edited by his daughter, Sara Norton, and by Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe, covered almost three quarters of the nineteenth century and eight years of the twentieth, and linked the cultural present with the greatest days of the Victorian age.

Norton was born at Shady Hill, in Cambridge, November, 16, 1827. His father, Andrews Norton, who had only recently acquired this estate, was a scholar devoted to Harvard College, an author, and a leading Unitarian,—though never an ordained minister. The Norton family was of the town of Hingham: Andrews Norton's wife was Catherine Eliot, of Boston. When their son Charles was but an infant, his father and mother made a visit to England, and thus it came about, if a family tradition is correct, that the poet Wordsworth took the baby on his knee and blessed him.

After the Cambridge Classical School and Harvard College, in the régime of President Quincy, had done their best for him, another foreign tour played a great part in the youth's education. He undertook a business career with one of those New England firms which still went down to the sea in ships, and as supercargo for this firm made a voyage to India, returning by way of a trade-route famous in ancient times from India to Venice and Northern Italy. Then he passed to France and to England. After three months more of travel on the Continent he departed for America, completing surely one of the most delightful of "business" trips ever taken by a young man not quite twenty-five. Thus began for Norton the earliest of those many notable friendships, the chronicles of which form perhaps the most charming aspect of the *Letters*. On this journey he met Ary Scheffer, Lamartine, de Vigny, and the Brownings, and the American with whom a life-long intimacy developed, George William Curtis. After four years in the United States, weak-

* *Letters of Charles Eliot Norton, with Biographical Comment by His Daughter, Sara Norton, and M. A. DeWolfe Howe.* Illustrated. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, The Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1913. Two volumes, vi, 514, 510.

ened health sent him to Europe once more, for another stay of two years. It was in this period that Norton became the devoted friend of John Ruskin; while James Russell Lowell, already one of Norton's best correspondents, left his work in Germany to join Norton in the South of Italy. From 1856 to 1868 Norton was again in New England,—years which brought forth some of his best literary work. In 1868, however, came the golden age of his European experience. He spent five years abroad, in England, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany. One sorrow, the deepest of his life, clouded his stay. In Dresden, in 1872, his young wife died. She was Susan Sedgwick, whom Norton had married in 1862. But these were the years of wondrous friendships. Charles Dickens, the Darwins, G. H. Lewes and his wife, Leslie Stephen and his brother Fitzjames, Dean Stanley, Forster, John Stuart Mill, Burne-Jones,—what a company! And besides, excursions with Ruskin and long intimate conversations with Carlyle; these last, especially, reported with delightful detail by Norton in a journal which has been richly culled by the editors. On the return voyage, a fellow-passenger was Emerson. There were other and later voyages to Europe, but they were of brief duration, and none are so fully documented in the *Letters*.

Norton was the embodiment and living expression of trans-Atlantic cultural solidarity,—if one may twist a little the phrase of Norton's friend, Charles Francis Adams, who has but lately departed from us. His earliest writings had indicated a bent towards social studies, but literature soon claimed him for her own. In 1857, with the birth of the *Atlantic Monthly*, began his interest in that magazine, to which he was a frequent contributor. When, in the midst of the war time, the *North American Review* was established, Norton shared the editorship with James Russell Lowell, and wrote many articles both literary and political. Among his extended writings his works on Dante and the various series of letters of Carlyle which he edited stand foremost. If another large category be attempted it may be described under the name "Æsthetics" and illustrated by such books as *Notes of Travel and Study in Italy* and *Historical Studies of Church Building in the Middle Ages*, and may include a host of articles, which, with those in biography and in the fields already mentioned, are sufficiently catalogued in the bibliography appended to the *Letters*. His work as a teacher,

likewise, centered in the Fine Arts and their bearing on life. After a year as lecturer, he became, in 1875, a professor in Harvard University, and continued in that chair for twenty-three years. Of the influence of sweetness and light which he shed upon his students during all this time, loving tributes in the *Letters* give ample testimony.

Noteworthy among Norton's many activities were his fight to save Niagara Falls, his coöperation in the founding of the Cambridge Dante Society, and the establishment, likewise through his initiative, of the Archæological Institute of America. Another institution, begun in 1879, was peculiarly Norton's. This was the annual Dinner for the benefit of the Academy at Ashfield, which throughout twenty-five years made famous the little hill town where Norton had his summer home. These gave occasion for Norton and for many a guest to "speak his mind" on matters of literary or political interest. The last was held in 1903, five years after Norton had become professor emeritus, and five years before he died. His retirement from activity was gradual, and until the very end he remained the same gracious counsellor and kindly critic, though the deaths of his long-time friends, as one by one they left him, saddened his later years.

One other source of grief oppressed him, for the explanation of which some extended comment is necessary. In 1898, in an address to the Men's Club of the Prospect Street Congregational Church, Cambridge, Norton severely attacked the policy and rightfulness of the war with Spain. For this he was bitterly criticised, and by no one more bitterly than by his classmate, Senator Hoar, who wrote that "all lovers of Harvard, and all lovers of the country, have felt for a long time that your relation to the University made your influence bad for the college and bad for the youth of the country," and reproved Norton's "habit of bitter and sneering speech about persons and public affairs." Later a partial reconciliation took place.

Mention of this episode makes proper a few words as to Norton's attitude towards political matters. Coming of the stock from which he sprang, he was of course opposed to slavery; but his criticism was not unsympathetic, and he thought that the burdens of slavery bore more hardly on the white race than on the black. A visit in 1855 to friends in South Carolina, the Middletons, gave him a better insight into the problem of the South, and afforded him the opportunity to write, in letters of

the times, descriptions of Charleston and of Edisto Island that are of rare beauty. Debarred from active service in the war by his lack of physical strength, he gave freely the assistance of his writings. When the end came and the South was defeated, he bore no malice, though he regretted that Johnson opposed negro suffrage. He took evident delight in Carlyle's saying, reported by Lord Russell, "The difference between the North and the South in relation to the nigger is just this,—the South says to the nigger, 'God bless you! and be a slave,' and the North says, 'God damn you! and be free.'" Norton's comment on John Brown was sober, and later he compared with him Frederick Douglass, to the disadvantage of the latter. After his long residence abroad his letters have less to say of the South and of Reconstruction, and indeed of American politics in general, but occasionally there are interesting comments on national issues and on the elections. The career of George W. Curtis he followed with intense interest, and, as would be expected, he sympathized heartily with Civil Service Reform. In 1901 he compared Theodore Roosevelt with McKinley: "Roosevelt is a better man but he has not equally the art and craft by which popularity is to be gained."

If he often wrote pessimistically about his country it was largely due to his dislike of what was crude and ugly. It is a strange phenomenon,—though, perhaps, one that is by no means infrequent,—that this man who lived in such a rich age and lived so *fully*, nevertheless looked back to a better time. More than once he speaks regretfully of the older New England, "during the first thirty years of the century, before the coming in of Jacksonian Democracy, and the invasion of the Irish, and the establishment of the system of Protection," . . . "the pure and innocent age of the Presidency of Monroe or John Quincy Adams." He was thoroughly Europeanized, also. In 1879 he wrote to Ruskin: "My children must have a country, and on the whole this is best for them. I am bound here by duty to them and to my Mother. For my life would doubtless be better in many ways in Europe; but I should be, after all, of less service there than here." To another friend he wrote yet more positively: "I envy the man whose roots draw full nourishment from his native soil. I am half starved here; and in the old world I should be half starved for this strange new one. A thousand years hence, perhaps, America will be old enough for men to

live in it with comfort, and with complete satisfaction." In 1877 he wrote to a younger friend, G. E. Woodberry, who was then Professor of English in the University of Nebraska, and who had evidently written somewhat despairingly of the conditions which he found: "You are probably right in thinking that I would not pass three days in Lincoln. I am getting on in years and have no days to waste. I do not want to go West." He told Woodberry that such trials were the test of character, and comfortingly continued: "There is no fear of your becoming barbarous. You will come back more fastidious (I trust) than ever. I do not expect to see you with war-paint and feathers."

His dislike of the crude and ugly he carried into all his thought. The author of *Church Building in the Middle Ages*, the translator of the *Divina Commedia* felt, of course, the powerful æsthetic appeal of the mediæval Church no less than that of the physical Rome and Italy. But his æsthetic sense was ever under the domination of his critical intellect, and for him the modern churches were of value only as they kept alive the spiritual life of the multitude. Of the materialism of his own country he wrote in 1901: "There is no force to counteract its influence; for Protestantism as a religion has completely failed. It is not the mere breaking down of its dogma, but the fact of its having become, with the progress of science, vacant of spiritual significance, and a church of essentially insincere profession, that is the ruin of Protestantism. It has no spiritual influence with which to oppose the spirit of materialism. If Rome were but a trifle more enlightened, and, instead of opposing, would support and strengthen the American Catholic interpretation of Romanism, the Catholic Church in this country would inevitably gain in spiritual power, and would render an enormous service in standing against the anarchic irreligion of the unchurched multitude. In spite of Roman obscurantism, it seems to me likely that Catholicism will gain strength among us. For science obviously has nothing but a stone to offer the ignorant and dependent masses who are always longing for bread, and the Roman Church offers a convenient and, for those who like it, a wholesome substitute for bread."

For the newest religious manifestation of his native state he had nothing but contempt. He would prefer to see the Roman Church grow "than to see the rapid growth of the most vulgar and debasing of modern sects, that of Christian Science, with

its Mother Eddy and her fatuous inanities, and the superstitious delusions of its votaries. . . . Mother Eddy is the most striking and ugliest figure in New England to-day. She is an illustration of the mediævalism, of which you [S. G. Ward] speak, in its least attractive aspect. It is not only a few but the vast mass of the people even in New England, who are living in the Middle Ages."

Norton's religious thought was, of course, distinctly agnostic; more so, he wrote to Goldwin Smith, than that of Goldwin Smith himself. "The motives for good-conduct and for refraining from ill presented by Christianity seem to me," he continued, "of an essentially selfish order, and although their appeal to selfishness has been urged by priests and ecclesiastics generally, it does not appear to have been of much avail except with the ignorant masses of men. With them it is not likely, whatever changes take place in the comparatively small number of enlightened men, to lose its force. I believe that the motives which impel an intelligent man (who leaves God and Immortality out of his reckoning because inconceivable) to virtuous conduct, are the strongest which can be addressed to a human being, because they appeal directly to the highest qualities of his nature." But Norton made no effort to urge his views upon others: the last thing in the world which he demanded was agreement with his way of thinking. So we may leave him with a sentiment of softer tone, one of the latter paragraphs in the letter to Goldwin Smith which we have quoted above, written just two years before he died: "But why dwell on differences? Here we are, old men, near the end of life, and waiting the end without anxiety or a shadow of fear; perplexed indeed by the mighty mystery of existence and of the universe, and happy in the conviction that the chief lesson of life is that of love."

ST. GEORGE L. SIOUSSAT.

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BOOK REVIEWS

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE SINCE 1870. By Fred Lewis Pattee, Professor of English in the Pennsylvania State College. New York: The Century Company. \$2.00 net.

In the English department of colleges and in the pages of magazines the question whether American literature is to be regarded as a new "realm of gold" or as a dependency of English literature has been mildly agitated. To this question Professor Pattee gives a new answer, a compromise, in his recently published *History of American Literature Since 1870*. His contention is that, "despite Lowell's statement, it was not until after the Civil War that America achieved in any degree her literary independence." Before this time literature was in the hands of a class of men who had scant contact with the thoughts and habits of everyday people. "The houses of the Brahmins had only eastern windows. The souls of the whole school lived in the old lands of culture, and they visited these lands as often as they could, and, returning, brought back whole libraries of books which they eagerly translated." But the war unsettled social and economic conditions, produced revolutionary changes in industry, resulted in a freer intercourse between isolated sections and in migrations westward, and in general set men to thinking primarily about the problems, the ideals, and the life around them. To this upheaval was due an impetus in literature which found clear expression by 1870 and was unmistakably dominant until the nineties. It is this era, an era which he designates as the national in contrast with the preceding era of New England letters, that Professor Pattee sets himself to discuss. "One can say of the period," he declares, "what one may not say of earlier periods, that the mass of its writings could have been produced nowhere but in the United States."

A reader may be disposed to question the sharp distinction between the two generations. Is the earlier so derivative after all? That it is to a great extent Europe-eyed and conservative, the mention of Longfellow alone, who is Professor Pattee's special aversion, will perhaps indicate. But there are also indi-

cations that one side of the era is autochthonic (if we may use a word that often recurs in the volume). In New England itself consider the *Biglow Papers* and *Snow-Bound* (for of course Whittier belongs to the earlier group), and in the South consider the plain-spoken Americanism of A. B. Longstreet and Davy Crockett. Again, are we to assume that the writers of the national era are less provincial than the earlier writers? To glance at representative names—at Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Cable, Joel Chandler Harris, and Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, for example—is to answer in the negative. Moreover we may hesitate to accept Professor Pattee's assertion that the national era "is as yet the greatest in our literary history." Even when we have added to such names as those just given the names of Lanier, Whitman, Mark Twain, and Howells (who is branded, somewhat justly, as a leader of "the classical reaction"), are we sure that the aggregate will outweigh the group which included Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, and Hawthorne? Without venturing a prophecy as to the comparative durability of the greater figures, we may say a word on the score of comprehensiveness. A list of the writers of the national era will show at once that in a surprising number of instances they are characterized not by the exploration and exploitation of limited fields, but by an unwillingness to grapple with the more massive literary forms. They turned to short poems; oftener still they turned to short stories. "It was a peculiarity of the whole period," admits Professor Pattee, "that nearly all of its writers of fiction should have been restricted in their powers of creation to the small effort rather than to the large. It was the age of cameos rather than canvases." Whether or not we are to expect the coming of the great American novelist, we cannot quite escape the impression that the writers of the national era may be, generally speaking, gatherers of the material which greater artists, when they appear, will use in synthetic ways.

A reader wonders at the outset whether Professor Pattee has no other test of literature than its robust expressiveness of actual and contemporary life. So strong indeed is the insistence upon the American mood and topic that some readers will not rid themselves of this first impression. But in reality Professor

Pattee has a marked sense of values, he condemns numerous writers on the ground that they are unmindful of the past, and he closes with vigorous commendation of that stubborn critical adversary of everything merely modern, Paul Elmer More. It is with ever-present standards and convictions that he studies the period. The work is anything but perfunctory, anything but merely approbatory. It is pioneer work well done. We find intelligent discussion of an array of writers whom historians of our literature have dismissed as too recent for their consideration, and in most instances we feel that the verdict will not be radically altered. The interpretation of tendencies and of their significance is also a worthy achievement. As Professor Pattee says, "The field is a new one: no book and no chapter of a book has ever attempted to handle it as a unit." The views that are advanced will not meet even now with complete acceptance, and it is but reasonable to suppose that they will be modified further by the investigations of scholarship; yet the study is likely to remain for years the most satisfactory we shall have, and it is certain to exert great influence upon research and interpretation in the future.

Unfortunately the style may not be praised so heartily as the substance. Professor Pattee is much given to that awkward type of sentence which begins with "There is" and adds a whole series of nouns, some of them plurals. The last three sentences on page 259 will yield two examples. Moreover, he too often adopts a rough-and-ready method of expression, as in this sentence on page 362: "The writer was Grace Elizabeth King, daughter of a prominent barrister of New Orleans, herself with a strain of Creole blood, educated at the fashionable Creole pension of the Mesdames Cenas—the Institute St. Denis of 'Monsieur Motte' and 'Pupasse'—bilingual like all the circle in which she moved, and later a resident for some two years in France—no wonder that from her stories breathes a Gallic atmosphere such as we find in no other work of the period."

GARLAND GREEVER.

HEROINES OF THE MODERN STAGE. By Forrest Izard. New York : Sturgis & Walton.

Because we feel that the future of the stage is secure, we can pause to give a fuller meed of appreciation to the fast disappearing generation of great actors. From Elizabethan days to our own the actor has been peculiarly dependent upon his biographer. His is a form of art that perishes with its own utterance. He can leave only memories, and unless those are properly crystalized by his contemporaries they will soon perish. For this reason the literature of the stage becomes permanent without the lapse of time required for other literature. The books upon actors are many, but they are too few to adequately preserve much that has been precious in the memories of every age. The task of the biographer of the actor is threefold. He must present with accuracy every possible date in the actor's career. He must create a living portrait of the actor and he must gather the best of contemporary opinion in order to leave a critical estimate of the actor's achievement. It is at best a difficult task, but it is a fascinating one.

To the *Heroines of the Modern Stage*, Mr. Forrest Izard has brought a large and enduring enthusiasm and preciseness of detail which has placed the book upon a solid foundation of fact. He has ransacked the stage annals of the last fifty years with thoroughness, and when these have failed he has not spared personal investigation of each incident in the lives of his ten women of the stage. The result is a book of permanent value, made enduring by his tone of authority and rendered readable by a lightness of touch, at times a play of humor, and an extensive personal interest in the history of the modern stage. The ten actresses are entirely worthy of his zeal. To name them in his order, they are Sarah Bernhardt, Helen Modjeska, Ellen Terry, Gabrielle Réjane, Eleanora Duse, Ada Rehan, Mary Anderson, Mrs. Fiske, Julia Marlowe, and Maude Adams. Bernhardt has promised a return to the stage. Mrs. Fiske and Maude Adams are still playing, and while Mr. Sothorn remains on the stage, we shall not cease to hope that Julia Marlowe may be lured back for at least a farewell year behind the footlights. We could wish that the list might have been slightly extended.

The debt of the American stage to Margaret Anglin is very real, both for the fine quality of her acting and for the high ideals she has maintained. Ethel Barrymore became a star so young that she has already delighted many seasons of playgoers, while from time to time she has exhibited an encouraging desire to sacrifice the pleasure of being a popular matinée star to an enthusiasm for real acting, though it has carried her into personally less attractive rôles. Both Miss Anglin and Miss Barrymore we should like to have seen in this book to which Mr. Izard's high standards make entrance a genuine honor.

Accuracy of detail Mr. Izard possesses to a high degree, and the same thoroughness has enabled him to express in each case the best contemporary criticism of the actress. To this he has not failed to add significant words of his own. In the more difficult matter of sketching a portrait of the actress the book also possesses considerable merit. In the cases of Ellen Terry, Duse, and Mrs. Fiske he has been particularly fortunate. In the chapter on Bernhardt he has accomplished the well-nigh impossible task of cataloguing the actress's eccentricities and withal describing her as a woman, strange, exotic, but with a human quality, an impressive capacity for work, and a scintillating brilliancy that is sometimes lost sight of at the present time. The death of Ada Rehan following so closely upon the appearance of the book focuses especial attention on his description of Daly's renowned leading woman, whom he ranks as the foremost of American actresses. Nothing but a lack of that sympathy which Mr. Izard abundantly possesses could fail to make Mary Anderson's phenomenal rise to fame less than romantic. We could wish that he had been a little more lavish in his praise of Miss Marlowe. To very many of us, she will long remain the most perfect example of the romantic actress. The gracious personality which has shown itself through her poetic interpretations of Shakespearian heroines will be sadly missed. On the whole, however, the portraits are well rounded, with due consideration given to the demands of just and discriminating criticism. The book is a work of present interest and of future value.

DOROTHEA LAWRENCE MANN.

THE MODERN STUDY OF ENGLISH. By Richard Green Moulton. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press.

Professor Moulton stresses, as essential to the study of literature, certain dominant ideas: First, the conception of literature, not as a mere aggregate of separate literatures, but as a unity, constituting a world literature, of which our own forms a very small part. Thus English literature is "not what English authors have composed in the English language, but what the English-speaking civilization has absorbed from the other civilizations of the world in addition to what it has itself produced." Second, in our study we must apply the inductive method and verify theories by observation, and we must approach the subject "with the evolutionary mental attitude," which "will bring solution for most of the controversies by which literature study has been distracted." Since "the study of literature, as it actually exists, is found to be a chaos of miscellaneous interests, . . . the true way to meet such a situation is to insist upon the recognition, as a fundamental principle, of a distinction between an Inner Study of literature and an Outer Study of Literature." To the outer study belong such disturbing factors as biography, exegesis, and questions of literary origins and of historic (or genetic) structure. As a further principle Professor Moulton emphatically declares that "the literary structure of a work [by which he means our analysis of any piece of literature] cannot possibly be affected by any theory as to its origin." Thus, in his opinion, the historic criticism of the Bible, or the so-called "higher criticism," has no bearing on the purely literary analysis of the Scriptures; so that any discussion as to the authorship of Deuteronomy, for example, cannot in any way affect our interpretation of the book as a whole. Again, we can readily analyze and properly interpret *Hamlet* without concerning ourselves in the least with any question as to the sources of the play or attempting to reconstruct the Elizabethan background.

Unquestionably, in the study of literature to-day the German laboratory methods of tabulating and counting, examining under the microscope, and dissecting the dry bones of a piece of literature have led to a neglect of literary analysis and æsthetic and philosophic criticism such as characterize the French method

of study; and Professor Moulton is right in his attempt to restore the balance. But he goes too far in the opposite direction, for it will not do to divorce altogether historic criticism from literary analysis. In his reaction against formalism, he deals in vague, unsatisfying generalizations. For example, discarding altogether the differences in form or language between poetry and prose, he declares that "poetry is creative literature, however expressed, and is adding to the sum of existences; prose has the function of discussing what is already in existence." Thus apparently the poet creates something out of nothing. Again, he declares: "Inductive interpretation is simply a plea that literary interpretation is a thing that rests on evidence." What evidence? we may ask. How shall we interpret Shakespeare's Sonnets, for example? His applications of his own theories of literary interpretation seem to violate his "common-sense fallacy" (p. 300) in their tendency to read his own fancies into the passages selected. For example, would the expression "trembling ears," *Lycidas*, l. 79, suggest to everyone the metaphor of a horse, whose ear "responds with the well-known quiver" to the playful flick of his driver's whip? Does the Miltonic line, "pain which makes remiss the hands of the mightiest," suggest to every reader the "concrete image of the slackened bridle-rein"? Does Faustus himself, in Marlowe's play of that name, and does every reader, get such an elaborate vision in the clouds as Professor Moulton's fancy draws for us (p. 427) in the last scene of the tragedy?

He is at his best in condemning vicious literary practices, as for example the "habits of newspaper and similar reading, which lead to a mastery in the art of skimming and discursive half-attention." The reading of newspapers and of the popular magazines, he declares, is undermining the student's power to read and "filching from him his power of recognizing literary vitality when he sees it." The common vice of literary study to-day is that "reading about literature takes the place of the literature itself." "Thoroughness apart from true perspective is as much a vice as a virtue."

Throughout the volume there are frequent references to and quotations from other books by Professor Moulton, and in the

Appendix there is a list of "Works of the author referred to in the preceding pages," with the price of each attached. In the Preface the author gravely assures us that, despite the questionable taste of quoting from himself, "it seems a pity to seek out a second best illustration when a better is available."

As a constructive guide to the study of literature the book is of little practical value. Diffuse, vague in its definitions, and wearisome in its repetitions, it would gain immensely by being reduced to one half of its five hundred pages. It is furnished with numerous charts designed to illustrate graphically various evolutionary processes, all reminiscent of the lecture-room.

W. B. YEATS: A CRITICAL STUDY. By Forrest Reid. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$2.00

Since 1899 Mr. Yeats has been the most conspicuous figure in the Irish Literary Movement. He not only stands eminent as a poet and man of letters, but he has been associated with Lady Gregory in that dramatic enterprise which has given such publicity in two continents to the cause of Irish Literature. Accounts of his work have appeared frequently in magazines and even in book form. But we are acquainted with no publication which for exactitude and thoroughness as well as critical appreciation rivals this essay by Mr. Forrest Reid.

The purpose of the book is literary and critical. The author makes no attempt to decide Mr. Yeats's place in the development of Irish literature. He confines his attention to the examination of Mr. Yeats's own work.

This task he accomplishes with remarkable and—one might almost say—unique success, because he combines sympathy and judgment with a very full knowledge of his subject. Perhaps he praises Mr. Yeats at times too much; perhaps he shows more acumen in dealing with questions of Beauty than questions of Philosophy, but this must remain largely a matter of opinion. And there can be no doubt as to the excellent merit of the book and the scholarly judgment and knowledge which have gone to its making.

G. T.

BROWNING: HOW TO KNOW HIM. By William Lyon Phelps. Indianapolis: The Bobs-Merrill Co.

Professor Phelps appears here rather as a worshipper than as a critic. He would teach us how to know Browning by showing us how to praise him. But he is so enthusiastic in his worship, so delightful and so clever in his praise, that this book has a very real usefulness. The author discusses the work and personality of Browning under seven different heads, such as Dramatic Lyrics, Poems of Paradox, Browning's Optimism. He quotes several illustrative poems at length in each chapter. The volume is thus in a degree complete in itself. The tone is so pleasant and sympathetic, the style so vivacious and sparkling, that the book will take its place as one of the most attractive introductions to the study of Browning's poetry. G. T.

THE DIPLOMACY OF THE WAR OF 1914. THE BEGINNINGS OF THE WAR.
By Ellery C. Stowell, Assistant Professor of International Law, Columbia University. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915.

The European war, which is the most striking single phenomenon in the past hundred years, is naturally the subject of a large and ever increasing literature, particularly in all that relates to diplomacy and the causes of the struggle. In the earlier stages of the conflict appeared numerous books and pamphlets, partisan and apologetic, based on inadequate knowledge and marred by prejudice and passion. The publication of a great body of source material by the contending powers, however, made it possible later on for those who were minded to study the subject dispassionately and with care to base their conclusions on firmer foundation. Accordingly there have appeared in English at least four works of merit and importance. Beck's *Evidence in the Case* is trenchant and powerful, but brief; Price's *Diplomatic History of the War* is largely a collection of documents, but contains also contributions of first-rate importance by the author; Headlam's *History of Twelve Days* has exceedingly able presentation of the documents accompanied by admirable analysis and decisive criticism: finally there is the present work, which is in many respects the completest and most useful of all. This volume deals with the causes of the war and the

diplomacy of the fortnight preceding it. It is part of a more ambitious undertaking, for the author plans to write a second volume relating to diplomacy during the war, and a third with respect to its conclusion.

It must be said that the outstanding character of this book is the fullness with which it presents the documentary material. Not only is the last part, perhaps a third of the whole, given up exclusively to the reprinting of sources and extracts from other works, and the body of the text accompanied by very voluminous footnotes of like aspect, but the text itself is composed very largely of similar material, until at last the reader wonders whether there remains any part of the various "books" and "papers" which the author has not incorporated *in extenso*. It must be said at once that this is skilfully done, merely with repetition in various places for the sake of clearness; but on several occasions in reading the book I have thought that to a great extent the result is rather a digest of the sources than a work of individuality and character. Headlam also makes extensive use of the government publications, which he quotes in long extracts inset and printed in different type, yet so strongly marked and so predominating is the accompanying text with the author's own comment, criticism, and judgment, that one feels always that the quotations are subordinate to the text. In Stowell, however, the method is rather to make a complete presentation of all that the sources have to say about any matter, arraying all that has to do with either side, together with variants and contradictory statements, so that the reader must in many instances rather rely upon his own decision than depend upon that of the author.

There is no doubt that disadvantages arise from this method in that the author must perforce remain in the background, giving less of his guidance and experience than the reader sometimes desires; but on the other hand it results that the author has provided the largest and best arranged collection of material from the primary sources so far printed, and in a subject obscure and highly controversial this is much to be grateful for. If he does not throughout present a book of his own, he does undoubtedly furnish a veritable library of literature on the causes

of the war. The sources quoted and the annotations are wonderfully complete, while special praise must be awarded to the concluding section, "Documents and Evidence," which contains treaties, state papers, and parliamentary debates relating to Belgium, Luxemburg, Austria, and Serbia, England, France, Germany, and Russia, and even, for parallel illustration, the United States and Spain, comments of journalists, observations of pamphleteers, old and new, law cases, and finally that mournful narrative of Thucydides about the Athenians and the Melians, which in olden times described the destruction of the weak by those strong enough to accomplish it.

I have dwelt at length upon the author's tendency to make of his volume a source-book, both because it seems to me that this is the predominating character of his work, and because he has collected such an admirable body of source materials; but it would be most unjust to indicate that this is entirely its character. Not only are the quotations in most instances accompanied by criticism and interpretation, though oftentimes briefer than one would wish, but there are excellent chapters at the beginning and at the end of the volume in which the author shows himself master of the subject, and presents his own opinions with clearness, decision, and force. The discussions and the criticisms which have to do with international law are especially good. Nowhere have I seen a better exposition of the history of Europe preceding and leading up to the catastrophe; while the conclusions and the supplementary questions with the appended categorical answers are useful and admirable at the same time.

Among the more striking contributions of the author are the following: That it was Austria's deliberate intention to have her will with Serbia, or else war; that Austria is directly responsible for the conflict; that the principal blame must be affixed to Germany, a more highly civilized state, which supported Austria and dealt brusquely with Russia; that this was because Germany had unsatisfied territorial ambitions, and also a different ethical and mental outlook; that as regards international law and internationalism in general Germany was less highly developed than England, France, and others; that Russia is to blame for pre-

cipitate mobilization, which was undertaken, nevertheless, under great provocation; that France gave loyal support to her ally, but worked for peace which she earnestly desired; that Italy, having much to lose either way in a great war, strove hard for peace; that England was zealous and sincere in striving to avoid a war; and that Sir Edward Grey did everything that an able and honorable statesman could do to achieve this end.

Throughout, the author is cautious in reasoning, moderate in statement, considerate of the opinions of others, and skilful in holding to documentary evidence and avoiding prejudice and opinion. The style is clear and readable, though without distinction; but there is always the absorbing interest of the story itself, and the dramatic quality of much of the material which he uses. If I have animadverted upon what seems to me relatively a defect in the construction, I wish on the other hand to conclude by saying that in my opinion this work is probably the most useful on the subject; that it will be used with profit by all readers, and with pleasure by most; and that it is indispensable in any collection of writings about the war.

EDWARD RAYMOND TURNER.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY. By Carl Russell Fish. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$2.75.

In an effort to formulate a foreign policy we are beset by interpretations of our present programme and by propaganda for our future course. It is comparatively of recent date that there has appeared some discussion of the content as well as of the meaning of our past action, and this consideration of content has usually shaded into opinion the moment an attempt has been made to give it more than episodic existence. We lack any considerable knowledge of our past action as a member of a group of international states. By this I do not mean that among publicists there is not some familiarity with the outstanding diplomatic incidents, but when an effort is made to fill in a diplomatic background to some such end as provides a political background for a discussion of domestic politics, one is suddenly lost in a maze of significant features and patriotic outbursts. A careful consideration of "just what happened" from the dis-

covery of America to the sinking of the *Lusitania* and a synthesis of all the happenings in a diplomatic history of the United States has been imperatively needed. This Carl Russell Fish has given us, painstakingly prepared and charmingly presented.

For the last dozen years one of the most thought-provoking courses given at the University of Wisconsin has been Dr. Fish's course in American Diplomacy. It was his usual custom to arouse immediate interest by the statement that the United States was a world power prior to 1898, and then, carrying the discussion back to 1492, to commence his portrayal of our diplomatic development by giving this continent its proper place as an element in European diplomacy. With such perspective it is not difficult to see that the listener carried away from these lectures a conception of the Americas and then of the United States as historical factors in world politics. Although staging with consummate skill many a dramatic episode the lecturer rarely relaxed his hold upon the onward-moving narrative. Underlying causes were usually left for discussion elsewhere. History was conceived of as a subject worthy of a constant and unswerving attention. These qualities give the peculiar value to this "American Diplomacy" now presented to a larger audience.

Omitting reference to pre-Revolutionary diplomacy, to which several preliminary chapters are given, these periods are outstanding: From 1776 to 1815 the theme is our struggle to extricate ourselves from the maelstrom of European politics. At times we attempted to escape by finesse, occasionally we played our luck, twice we ventured upon war. Of the earlier years of this struggle Fish tells us that "diplomats were as carefully chosen as generals; the news of the negotiations of Franklin, Adams and Jay was as anxiously awaited as that of the army, and their successes brought almost as great a reward of popular acclaim as did those of commanders in the field." From the downfall of Napoleon to the outbreak of our Civil War the theme is the development and expansion of the nation. Our "reversionary interests" led not only to the message of Monroe in 1823 but to the occupation of Texas, California, and Oregon and to a constant interest in the countries to the south

of us. The Civil War placed our diplomacy in a new rôle, but the finesse of Seward enabled us to emerge with our increasing body of precedents fairly intact. The years that immediately followed the close of the war were chiefly characterized by a series of controversies with Great Britain, partly an outgrowth of the attitude of that nation in the course of the armed conflict, increasingly a result of our clashing interests on this continent. Since 1877 we have attempted more and more to play the part of a world power in the European sense, and we have used jingoism and bluff, war and waiting.

The sweep of one hundred years of our diplomacy may be realized when we find that notwithstanding the popularly known warning of Washington we have in the past half century been a party to three entangling alliances, not, it is true, the alliances that have divided the Great Powers, but working agreements that have brought us perilously far from our isolation. Two of these lost effect before any significant results followed; the third brought us into the conference at Algeciras. It is perhaps natural that the diplomatic course of more than a century, determined at different times by men of differing views, should reveal glaring contradictions. Nevertheless other people, as we ourselves do, judge us by our diplomatic past, and the great contradiction cannot be attributed so much to differing views as to the changed position of the nation. We have brought down into the period of our action as a colonial possessor our traditions as a young nation. These two conceptions clashed emphatically in the settlement of the dispute in Samoa and perhaps explain in part the apparent ambiguity of Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy. Unquestionably at no distant day an attempt will be made to subordinate tradition to practice. "Our westward moving foreign policy" will then have been a little more clarified.

Only an historical treatment could make clear how the doctrine of Monroe has been brought to the dignity of our outstanding foreign policy. Accepting the statements of 1823, Polk in 1848, referring to an unstable government in Yucatan, added "our duty to occupy territory if necessary to prevent the introduction of the European political system." In 1870 Grant added

"Hereafter no territory on this continent shall be regarded as subject to transfer to a European power." In 1904 Roosevelt added "our assumption of responsibility for the good behavior of Latin America," the exercise of an international police power. In this was revealed emphatically the rôle we essayed in the new century. Senator Lodge in 1912 proposed the next corollary, "When any harbor or other place in the American continents is so situated that the occupation thereof for naval or military purposes might threaten the continuation of safety of the United States, the government of the United States could not see, without grave concern, the possession of such harbor or other place by any corporation or association which has such relations to another government not American as to give that government practical power of control for naval or military purposes." President Wilson, with an enlargement to include special "concessions," accepted this new corollary and his action was effective. He also added a corollary to the effect that we will recognize only governments founded on justice and law. Of this Dr. Fish concludes, "President Wilson's attitude of non-recognition is by all odds the most aggressive turn that has ever been given to our Spanish-American policy, as it involves practical intervention in the domestic affairs of these republics."

Dr. Fish writes in his concluding chapter: "The one deliberate purpose which our diplomacy has completely failed to bring about has been that of winning the sympathy and acquiring the leadership of Spanish America. The reason is obvious; not the sentiment of Pan-Americanism, but the deep-seated nationalistic conception of the United States' dominance, has primarily moved us. From the day in 1794 when Wayne rode around the British fort at the rapids of the Maumee and dared its commander to fire, we have, with the exception of brief periods after the first abdication of Napoleon and during the Civil War, been the dominant American power. In 1823 we announced the fact to the world, and at the same time first became generally conscious of ourselves. Every corollary added to the Monroe Doctrine has been a renewed assertion of the fact, and has presented an added means of maintaining it.

"Dominance is not a policy, but a talent: the responsibility

is for its use. Our employment of our position has rested upon a feeling that long antedated it; that even antedated our ancestors' migration to America. . . . In America we were dominant; by conferring our activities to America we could be dominant wherever we were active. It is this single and fundamental idea that has impressed itself on the American mind, and has become the touchstone by which public opinion judges all diplomatic questions."

Of the twenty-eight presidents of the United States all except eight have had to deal with matters of major diplomatic importance. Of the twenty facing this necessity none, save Polk, were elected with such an exigency distinctively in mind. None save John Adams may be said to have achieved diplomatic distinction as President. Many, notably Tyler and McKinley, have relied greatly upon their secretaries of state. Yet no secretary of state, unless it be John Hay, has won a lasting recognition. Since the beginning of the Great War we have heard repeatedly that our diplomacy is a by-word among European nations; also that Wilson's task has been unprecedented. The weight of the second statement seems less overwhelming when we read of Lincoln's task in its diplomatic aspects, including Seward, or when we turn back to the problems of Madison, Jefferson, and the elder Adams. As to our diplomatic service it will do the skeptical American good to read of the results obtained by our commissioners at Paris in 1781 and at Ghent in 1814, and of the individual victories won by Benjamin Franklin and by John Hay. In this day when leadership of the first order seems at a premium this characterization of Hay is heartening: "His knowledge of international law, of historical tendencies, and of men was in its combination unsurpassed in his day. He possessed such an Americanism as can exist only when based on a complete knowledge of American development."

The reader will find in this volume "what has happened," but let him beware of the mistake that history repeats itself. Some years ago James Harvey Robinson wrote of history as a guide, "not because the past would furnish precedents of conduct, but because our conduct would be based upon a perfect knowledge of existing conditions founded upon perfect knowledge of the

past." This book gives us background. We must look elsewhere for an analysis of present conditions, and, fortunately, we need not look in vain.

EDGAR E. ROBINSON.

ECONOMIC ORIGINS OF JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRACY. By Charles A. Beard.
New York: The Macmillan Company. Pp. ix+474, \$2.50.

This volume is in a sense a continuation of one of the author's earlier works, *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution*. In the first book Professor Beard attempts to establish the thesis that the Federal Constitution was the outcome of "a struggle between capitalistic and agrarian interests." In the present book he attempts to establish the thesis that capitalistic and agrarian interests determined the alignment of political parties into the Federalist and Republican groups during the period immediately following the adoption of the Constitution. The Federalist party was made up of the security-holding capitalists, manufacturers, shippers, and merchants who constituted substantially the same group which advocated the adoption of the Constitution. The Republican party was made up of the debt-burdened agrarian classes who had so bitterly opposed the adoption of the Constitution. In the cleavage of economic interests between the capitalistic and agrarian classes the author finds the fundamental cause of the formation of the Federalist and Republican parties during the beginning years of our national life.

Throughout the political issues of the day there appeared this fundamental division between the capitalistic Federalists and the agrarian Republicans. The Federalists were in favor of the funding of the national debt, the assumption of the state debts, the establishment of a national bank, taxation, and other features of Hamilton's economic and fiscal policies, and the Republicans were opposed to an economic system which yielded them no material advantage. The same cleavage of capitalistic and agrarian interests also appears in the discussion of the Jay treaty and the attitude toward building a stronger navy. The meaning of agrarian Republicanism (Jeffersonian Democracy) is thus summed up in the author's words: "Jeffersonian Democracy simply meant the possession of the federal government by the agrarian masses led by an aristocracy of slave-owning planters,

and the theoretical repudiation of the right to use the Government for the benefit of any capitalistic group, fiscal, banking, or manufacturing."

Many will not agree with Professor Beard's fundamental thesis that the formation of the political parties of the time grew out of the conflict of economic interests. But the array of supporting evidence is strong and the method of presentation is convincing. The importance of economic facts as fundamental elements in historical development warrants more consideration than those facts have actually received. Accumulating material tends to fulfil the prophecy that "American history will shortly be rewritten along economic lines." In this volume the author has contributed to the fulfilment of that prophecy in an able and scholarly way.

JAMES G. STEVENS.

THE WEALTH AND INCOME OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. By Willford J. King. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

This is the second volume of the new series of the Citizen's Library of Economics, Politics, and Sociology, edited by Professor Richard T. Ely, of the University of Wisconsin. In addition to presenting some figures, tables, and statistics, taken mainly from the census, two theses seem to be maintained: namely, that the government of the United States should by legislative enactments, undertake to bring about a redistribution of wealth and income among its citizens; and, likewise, that it should stop, or at least greatly reduce, immigration.

The author at the very outset erroneously identifies public wealth with government property (p. 7). Again, he seems not to realize that after all it is not the wealth of individuals which would be redistributed but, actually, capital.

It is especially hazardous to maintain that the present distribution of capital is the result of legislative enactment, and that therefore equality may be established in the same manner by act of legislature (p. 102). Moreover, the author himself proves that at the close of a period during which many attempts were made to raise men's wages by such artificial means, wages actually declined on account of the artificial restrictions thrown around them (p. 201).

HUBERT H. S. AIMES.

THE NORTH AMERICANS OF YESTERDAY. By Frederick S. Dellenbaugh.
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$4.00.

The value of the work of this distinguished author is attested by the fact that the publishers now present the fourth printing. Mr. Dellenbaugh's personal experience among the people of whom he writes has been extensive and his acquaintance with their monuments is thorough. The work contains more than three hundred and fifty illustrations and is, upon the whole, a beautiful example of the book-maker's art. In the Appendix a list is given of the principal stocks or families, the tribes and sub-tribes, of Indians from Central America to the Arctic ocean.

Passing over the introductory chapters, we note the adoption of the term "Amerind" to describe the aboriginal inhabitants of the continent. Its use will constantly remind the reader that he is dealing with a distinctive race and culture having a common origin. The term is a better one than "Redskin," but it will hardly displace "Indian" in popular usage. Full discussion of the phenomena connected with the higher European and the lower Amerind cultures lies beyond the scope of the task which Mr. Dellenbaugh has set for himself, belonging rather to the field of the sociologist. What will be the fate of the 265,000 Amerinds now living in the United States may be subject for speculation, but the future of Central America and of Mexico would seem to belong to the native races.

The work is fully abreast of the times, no important contributions to the subject-matter having been made since the book first went to press. The energies of the ethnographers are now being bent toward the unravelling of the text of the Maya writings.

Mr. Dellenbaugh's study of the North American Indian is cast over the frame-work of the theory of the ethnic unity of this race, and it is from this point of view, in a scientific sense, that the greatest importance is to be attached to his work. His argument is fully set forth in the concluding chapter of the book, and it is briefly as follows: At some remote period of the earth's history the Amerinds were cut off from the rest of the world by changes in land areas and levels, and by the subsequent descent of the ice-cap they were crowded into the southern part of the

North American triangle, in a hospitable climate, where they developed their culture to its highest point. When the ice-cap retreated the Amerinds followed it and dispersed into a wide latitudinal area; thus the pressure of civilization in Central America was removed, followed by like phenomena in Mexico, and consequently development in these regions ceased. The people nearest the ice-cap, the Esquimaux, always represented the lowest stages of culture and art; those in the medial regions, the Athapascans, Siouans, et cetera, preserved or lost their culture in greater or less degrees, according to circumstances.

The book is valuable to the general reader of history, as well as for use as a text-book for classes in anthropology and sociology.

HUBERT H. S. AIMES.

WHAT I BELIEVE, AND WHY. By William Hayes Ward. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1915. Pp. 333.

Christian Moralism seems to be the term that one is compelled to use in describing this lucid and suggestive book of popular apologetic for that brand of theistic morality touched with emotion which has received from Professor Sanday the comforting appellation, "minimum Christianity."

The author claims to be a "complete rationalist" in his religious faith (p. 155), and expresses lusty disbelief in the "consciousness of God" claimed by the mystic as a direct experience. However, Dr. Ward believes in conversion and repentance; hence he may not be very far from the mystics. He says (p. 153) that he used to pray for the mystic experience, but now refrains from such aspiration. He seems to be afraid that the mystics will become spiritual aristocrats. Inasmuch as love and humility have ever characterized the true mystic, who does not claim perfection nor exclusive salvation, perhaps our author's fears are groundless.

The early chapters of the book contain a stimulating review of recent metaphysical guesses of science. Following these the account of the sympathetic criticism of the Bible ought to prove helpful to the general reader.

The last few chapters have the pepper-sauce of the book. Mr. Ward believes that such theories as the Trinity, the Atonement,

and the like are no more a necessary part of Christianity than are the Church and the sacraments (pp. 316-319). Why a supposedly well-informed man should think that the doctrine of the Trinity is entirely based on Scripture, and that the Trinity, almost a metaphysical statement of love, "has nothing to do with love" (p. 319), is something of a puzzle. Perhaps one can understand depreciation of the importance of the doctrine of the Atonement when he finds that our author regards "love" as the essence of both religion and morality, and "justice" as scarcely moral at all. So invertebrate has become the "love" ethics and theology of the day, that even great nations claim that they can "make up" later for present violations of justice and equity, without which "love" becomes sentimentality. The stern sentences of Sinai precede and condition the Sermon on the Mount. Nevertheless, though insisting that love shall have a backbone, we may well applaud these timely sentences from this mellow and sweet-spirited book: "Unperverted, the love of family, of class, of town or nation is beautiful, but true virtue is not limited. Limit is vice. The enlarged soul will have interests in all the nations of the earth, will rejoice to learn of their progress and welfare, will seek in some way to bring them to a better knowledge of God, to a truer education, to a fuller liberty, and will not confine one's interest to one's own family, section, or nation."

T. P. BAILEY.

INITIATION INTO PHILOSOPHY. By Emile Faguet, of the French Academy. Translated from the French by Sir Home Gordon, Bart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1914. Pp. 254.

There are so few popular introductions to the history of philosophy that are at once readable and authoritative that one feels it a privilege to call attention to this little book. It does not pretend to appraise recent movements, such as those associated with the name of Bergson and William James, but it does give a clean-cut, interesting, and, on the whole, sympathetic and well-balanced account of the influential philosophers from the age of Thales to Nietzsche, Spencer, and Comte in our own times.

T. P. B.

HOW WE REMEMBER OUR PAST LIVES. By C. Jinarajadasa, M. A. Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

This little book contains four essays, already published in well-known periodicals. They are written in a clear and simple style and the spirit throughout is tolerant and kindly. Though some of the theories advanced will seem to most people chimerical, yet a quality of fine, though not robust or virile, idealism pervades the book.

G. T.

THE IRISH ABROAD. By Elliott O'Donnell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

We have all heard that the Irish rule every country except their own. But after perusing this book, and learning of the presence and the deeds of Irishmen in all parts of the world; after reading, for instance, that in America the Southern States were chiefly colonized by the Anglo-Irish, that during the Revolutionary period seventy per cent of the American Army and fifty per cent of the Navy consisted of Irishmen, and that six Presidents have been of Irish stock,—after learning such facts as these, we begin to wonder what the rest of the world would have done without the Emerald Isle. The compilation is done with diligence and care, and there seem to be few omissions of note (St. Gaudens, who, if we mistake not, was of Irish blood, is one of these).

The author shows a general knowledge of the history and the peoples of the various countries concerned and, as an Irishman telling of the Irish, he writes with a sympathy and a buoyancy that make his book pleasant reading.

G. T.

THE RISE OF ENGLISH LITERARY PROSE. By George Philip Krapp. New York: Oxford University Press.

This book covers the period from Wyclif to Bacon and exhibits the development of prose as an efficient means of expression, the author's purpose being to "trace the growth of a temper and attitude of mind towards the use of speech, to show the development of taste and feeling for prose expression by directing attention to those writings which reveal some skill and originating power in the practice of the art of prose composi-

tion." Such a task calls extensive and intensive reading, the exercise of keen insight, nice taste, sound judgment, fine discrimination, and the scholar's unrelaxing attention to details. All these requirements are fully met in this volume of more than five hundred pages, but the result is not easy reading. The book is suited only to the most advanced classes in the undergraduate department and is better adapted as a model for similar investigations in the graduate school.

A LITERARY MIDDLE-ENGLISH READER. Edited by Albert S. Cook. New York: Ginn & Company.

Arranged according to literary species and not according to dialect or chronology, and furnished with brief notes at the foot of each page, these selections are designed, not for the study of grammar or philology, but for the purpose of literary enjoyment; and they are grouped together to afford opportunity for the college student to acquaint himself with various phases of an interesting, but—with the exception of Chaucer—comparatively unfamiliar, period of English literature.

THE STORY OF THE BIBLE: HOW IT GREW TO BE WHAT IT IS. By Harold B. Hunting. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Though this account of how the various books of the Bible came to be written embodies the results of modern scholarship, it is popular in its presentation and more comprehensive than Patterson Smyth's well-known little book *How We Got Our Bible*. Beginning with the earliest New Testament Writings—the nearer and more familiar—the book traces the growth and interrelation of the various gospels and epistles, setting forth the essential unity of the whole. Then, taking up the Old Testament, the author in similar fashion traces its growth from supposedly tribal lays sung by Hebrew nomads around the camp-fire, through the different phases of Israel's history down to and including the revolt of the Maccabeans. Then follow chapters dealing with the making of the Old and New Testaments, the various translations of the Bible, the results of modern archaeological discoveries, and a brief outline of the

history of the higher criticism, with its new interpretation of the Scriptures. On the whole, it is a readable, reliable book, made especially attractive by the numerous full-page illustrations in color.

A NEW THEORY CONCERNING THE ORIGIN OF THE MIRACLE PLAY. By George R. Coffman. University of Chicago Dissertation. Menasha, Wisconsin: George Banta Publishing Company.

The author defines a Miracle Play as "the dramatization of a legend setting fourth the life or the martyrdom of a saint." After briefly summarizing and rejecting the traditional theories which found the germ of the Miracle Play in the Church services, Mr. Coffman treats at some length the cult of the saints, including pilgrimages and festivals in their honor. Though admitting that the Church had a large share in the growth of such pilgrimages and festivals, and that "the immediate environment of the Miracle Play in its origin is the monastery," he emphasizes the "uneclesiastical" influences of the mediæval renaissance, and asserts, with little direct evidence to support his assertions, that "our earliest Miracle Plays developed in connection with monastic schools," and that these plays were "one expression of the eleventh and twelfth-century movement to free the drama from the Church." More specifically Mr. Coffman, again basing his conclusion on assumption rather than fact, declares that "the Miracle Play originated as an uneclesiastical feature of St. Nicholas' feast-day celebration." Attractive and probable as such theories are, they should be supported by greater weight of evidence than that brought forward in this pamphlet. Mr. Coffman promises to make further investigations into the subject and will doubtless bring out additional material to strengthen or modify his position.

THE EVERYMAN ENCYCLOPÆDIA. Compiled by Andrew Boyle. In twelve volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$6.00.

This handy set of reference books is based on Knight's Encyclopædia, which in its turn was derived from the great Penny Encyclopædia. The original basis, however, had to be so altered

and amended that this is practically a new work. For the purpose of ready reference the subjects have been subdivided and the headings have been multiplied as far as possible "without disintegrating any general subject that should be treated as a whole." With its volumes uniform in size and appearance with the well-known Everyman's Library, this Encyclopædia is moderate in price, well arranged for rapid reference, and reliable and up-to-date in its information.

THE WAYFARER'S LIBRARY.—*The Lure of the Wanderer*, by George Goodchild; *The Open Air*, by Richard Jeffries; *The Wooden Horse*, by Hugh Walpole. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 40 cents each.

The purpose of this library is to furnish in handy shape and at a reasonable price "the books which represent the imagination, the romance, and the lighter thought of our time. Its object is to provide recreation and enjoyment for the reader in the winter by the ingle-nook, and under the shade of summer boughs, and particularly when traveling." For the wayfarer or the leisurely reader in the summer shade few better selections could be had than the open-air anthology of Mr. Goodchild or the sketches of that nature-lover, Richard Jeffries; and for the chimney-corner in winter,—if such a place is still to be found,—Hugh Walpole's romance, a study of Cornish life and character, will prove profitable company.

ANGELA'S BUSINESS. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Angela's Business is disappointing, and it might as well be acknowledged at the beginning. Taking a theme that had already more than exhausted the skill of such an ardent suffragette and capable novelist as Miss Mary Johnston, Mr. Harrison has produced a book that will cause the reader continual groaning, and at times disgust. This is the more unfortunate because the novel is written with much of the author's usual breeziness, sly humor, and polished style. If it had been offered as a mere potboiler the case would have been different. But the book was written with a serious purpose in view and the individual peruser of it must, of his or her accord, curse the day Angela was born.

For we are at the crux of the whole trouble. What on earth did Mr. Harrison mean by creating such a personage as Angela and then expect his readers to agree that such is the type of *any* sort of woman, let alone the class whose sole duty is housework. (Angela could not even make appetizing mayonnaise dressing, and was as bold in her man-hunting as the proverbial brass-monkey.) It is true, we learn in the last chapter, after Angela has caught poor Donald Manford in her net, that her militant cousin, Mary Wing, is the real Womanly Woman, but the news comes too late to assuage the reader's wounded sympathies. And if she is, then why all the ado about such an unattractive person as Angela? The answer seems to be that Mr. Harrison believes there are enough Angelas in the world to require the making of a class for them, and that by using a representative of this group he can the more readily portray his own heroine. But here he is dead wrong. There is no such class, and the creator of such sterling women as Sharlee and Callie Heth did not need to make up such a girl as Angela to show off Mary Wing's good points. For the feminine problem cannot be solved by comparing an unattractive "anti" with an attractive "pro," and this is what our author tries to do.

But there are several phases to the book that almost counteract the infelicitous episodes. Charles Garrott King and Judge Blenso with their charming freshness and quaint wit are characters that only Mr. Harrison could draw, while Mary Wing in the latter part of the book is a fitting portrait to be added to his gallery of real women—who are not independent as Mary was at first, or dependent as Angela always was but "interdependent." In fact, our advice is, if you want to read the book, and we suppose you do, pin your faith to Mary from the start, and overlook Angela as much as possible. With this advance warning, you may survive to the redeeming last chapter, where Charles and Mary find out that, as each has much to give and much to receive from the other, they are indeed as headlong in love as a rising young author and a school-teacher, aged thirty some, can well be.

W. S. RUSK.

THE SPRINGTIME OF LOVE. LOVE'S CREED. Two vols. By Albert Edmund Trombly. Boston: Sherman, French & Company.

The two volumes which have come, during last year and this, from the pen of Mr. Trombly, call especial attention to this poet, whose preoccupation with the themes of love is so noticeable, even in the titles of the volumes. His art, with its many graceful turns and its authentic inspiration, is conscious and precious. It is impossible to escape the obsession that the poems are "stylicized": they are deliberately couched in language that is patently poetical. A catalogue of words used by Mr. Trombly would evoke an irrepressible smile. A more commendable simplicity than is ordinarily characteristic of the author is noticeable in "As Wakens on the Morn"—though it is not quite easy to forgive "golden kisses." A most felicitous use of the adjective, abused as it dreadfully is, may be found in the pretty rondeau, "My Golden Boy." There is one grateful sonnet to Bliss Perry, "great-hearted friend"; we may guess the identity of still another sonnet, amusingly beginning "Critic, despair not yet . . ." and dedicated "To B. P." To B. P. then shall we leave him, with the iterated injunction: "Critic, despair not yet. . . ."

A. H.

THE MINISTRY OF ART. By Ralph Adams Cram. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

To all neo-Gothics the "beauty of holiness" becomes, as Lanier would say, "the holiness of beauty." And the revision is made without essentially changing the underlying meaning of either phrase, for to them holiness and beauty are one to such an extent that they would consider it inconceivable to compare a plain New England meeting-house with a Gothic cathedral or English abbey, as a place for the true worship of God. Art, they claim, is the divine means whereby finity can sound the depths or scale the heights of infinity, and live in communion with it. Hence the sooner our present machinery-ridden, superficial world turns again to the production of real art (whether kitchen utensils or cathedral), the sooner the millenium may be expected. And these Gothic propagandists urge that the most fruitful beginning can be made by rediscovering the untold

beauties of mediæval art, especially Gothic, though any real artistry, whether Grecian or Buddhist, is preferable, as a basis, to the artificiality and hideous makeshifts produced as art since the Renaissance. That a start has already been made in the right direction Mr. Cram would be the first to acknowledge. As he is one of the most distinguished advocates of the movement in this country, so in his professional career as an architect he has bodied forth the true spirit of his crusade in such surpassing creations as the new Graduate College quadrangle at Princeton and the exquisite cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, now fast nearing completion. The present volume is a collection of "fugitive essays and occasional addresses," all brought into being because of his interest in this Gothic movement, and the revitalization of the whole artistic life of the nation, through school and college courses as well as church and cathedral building.

The reader interested in this modern crusade might better read first his earlier volume, entitled *The Gothic Quest*, for that book is more of a general introduction to his point of view, while the new one takes for granted that the reader is acquainted with the theories of the movement. Together they form a series of essays that will appeal to all art-lovers, for most will agree with the general principles he lays down as to the functions and achievements of all "high art." His continuous denial of any inspiration to the art produced since the early part of the Renaissance is a possible exception to this universal approval.

It would be interesting to compare the ideas of Mr. Cram, with his eagerness for the reestablishment of mediævalism, and those of Miss Maude Egerton King, who contributes a very able paper to the April issue of the *Hibbert Journal*, entitled "Gothic Ruin and Reconstruction." In this article she vigorously advocates a return to the economic conditions of the Middle Ages as a cure-all for our present-day industrial evils. One wonders if both Mr. Cram and Miss King are just a trifle one-sided, even if it is granted that they are practical. But the best idea of Mr. Cram's position, attractive as it is in most of its features, can be had by quoting from his own Introduction to *The Gothic*

Quest. He recounts the story of the first Gothic Quest, when infidel and knight fought in the paynim wilderness for the Holy Grail, and then says that the modern crusade for the rediscovery of beauty is but the same struggle in another form:—

“Well, the fight is good and the prize ennobles all, but the fight is never ending, for true beauty is too wonderful a thing to be lightly held and without challenge. The quest to-day is the Gothic Quest in a varied guise, as that was the Quest of the Grail under another form. So in wide desolation, rampired about with scarp and intrenchment, looms the Dark Tower of Childe Roland’s pilgrimage:

“The round, squat turret, blind as the fool’s heart, the citadel of ugliness, emptiness, and pretence, the first barrier that balks all those that course on the Gothic Quest; and yet not one draws rein nor rides aside, but with unsheathed sword rises in his stirrup and takes upon his lips the words of Childe Roland:—

“Not here? When noise was everywhere! it tolled
Increasing like a bell.”

W. S. RUSK.

BOOK NOTES

Other books, some of which will be reviewed in a later issue, have been received, as follows: *An Introduction to the History of Connecticut as a Manufacturing State*, by Grace Pierpont Fuller. *Smith Studies in History*, Vol. I, No. 1, October, 1915. *Oriental and Greek Peoples. Study Outline*, by L. B. Lewis (American Book Co.). *Source Problems in English History*, by A. P. White and Wallace Notestein (Harper’s). *The Living Church Annual and Churchman’s Almanac. A Church Cyclopædia and Almanac*, 1916 (The Young Churchman Co.). *The Twentieth Century Outlook Upon Holy Scripture*, by Edward Lowe Temple (B. F. Johnson Co.). *The Rockefeller Foundation. Annual Report*, 1913-1914. Second Edition (The Rockefeller Foundation, 61 Broadway). *Joseph Conrad*, by Wilson Follett (Doubleday, Page & Co.). *The Wings of Song*, by Harold Hersey (The Library Press, Washinston, D. C.). *Sunrise and Other Poems*, by Fannie E. S. Heck (Fleming H. Revell Company). *Three Notable Ante-*

Bellum Magazines of South Carolina, by Sidney J. Cohen (University Press, Columbia, S. C.). *The Universal Text-Book of Religion*, Part III, Vol. 1. "Hinduism." Edited by Annie Besant (Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India). *Methods and Aims in the Study of Literature. A Series of Extracts and Illustrations*, arranged and adapted by Lane Cooper (Ginn & Co.). *Thomas Middleton*, edited by Martin W. Sampson (American Book Co.). *Questions on Readings in English Literature. A Student's Manual*, by Maurice Garland Fulton, Raymond George Bressler, and Glenn Hawthorne Mullin (Century Co.). *Studies in Philology*, Vol. XII, No. 4, October, 1915, "The Latin Prefix 'Pro' in French," by William Morton Dey (University Press, Chapel Hill, N. C.). *Shakespeare and the Italian Renaissance*, by Sir Sidney Lee: The Annual Shakespeare Lecture before the British Academy, 1915 (Oxford University Press). *Immensee*, von Theodor Storm, edited by Louis H. Dirks (American Book Company); *Home to Him's Muvver*, by Margaret Prescott Montague (E. P. Dutton & Co.), reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Oxford Pamphlets, through the courtesy of Sir Gilbert Parker: *Armenian Atrocities. The Murder of a Nation*, by Arnold J. Toynbee; *with a speech delivered by Lord Bryce in the House of Lords* (Hodder & Stoughton); *How Do We Stand To-day?* Speech of the Rt. Hon. H. Asquith in the House of Commons, Nov. 2, 1915 (T. Fisher Unwin); *The Freedom of the Seas*, by the Hon. Bernard R. Wise; *Cotton and Contraband*, by Viscount Milner; *What Is the Matter With England? A Criticism and a Reply*, by Sir Gilbert Parker (Darling & Son); *Correspondence with the United States Ambassador Respecting the Execution of Miss Cavell at Brussels*. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of His Majesty October, 1915 (T. Fisher Unwin); *The Second Belgian Grey Book*. Part I and Part II, section 10 (T. Fisher Unwin).